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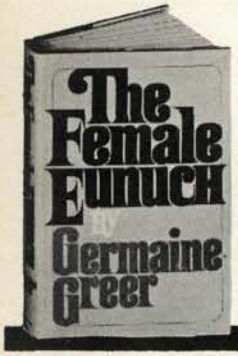

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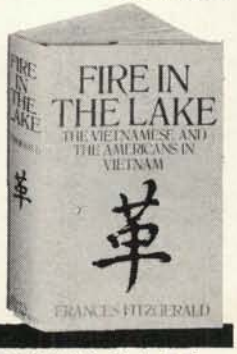

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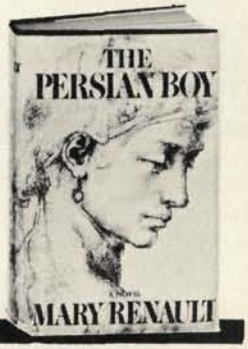

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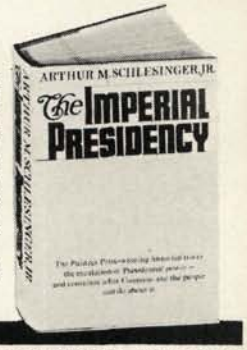

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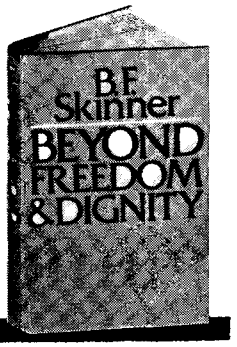

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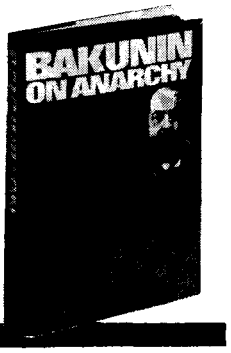

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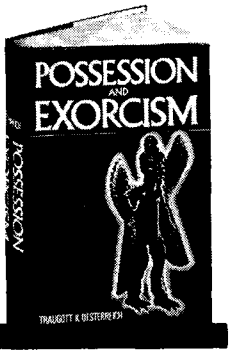

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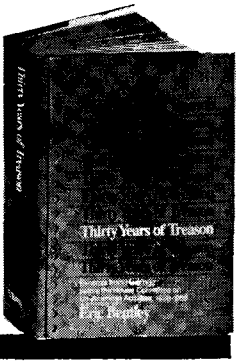

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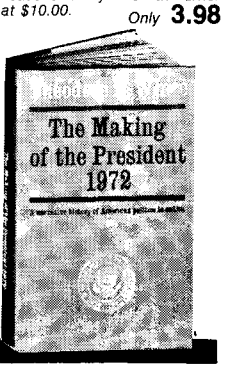

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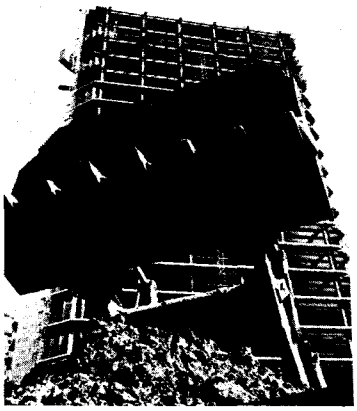

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Herein:

5 A Few Words

6 *VIETNAM REPORT*
I. Why the Refugees?
by Edward Block
II. The Myth of the Hue Massacre
by Edward S. Herman and D. Gareth Porter
III. Last Report from the Central Highlands
by James Fenton

17 Depression and the Crisis of Conscience
by Terence McCarthy

21 *CHILE*
The Spain of Our Generation
by Rose Styron
An Interview with Carmen Castillo
by Gabriel Garcia Marquez
Quilapayun: Ambassadors Without a Country

32 Capitalism in One Country?
by Terence McCarthy

37 Europe's Great Fear: Will There Be Another Chile?
by William Shawcross

41 A Washington View: The Portuguese Connection
by Laurence Stern and Dan Griffin

45 Buildings are Judgment — II
Terence McCarthy — *John H. Schaar*
Percival Goodman — *Alan Temko*
Mary Perot Nichols — *Marshall Berman*

56 Hollywood — Under the Influence of Women?
by Andrew Kopkind

Ramparts

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A Few Words

It may not be the kind of thing you notice, but we thought you might be curious about the double cover date on RAMPARTS this month. It is designated the May/June issue. In this particular case, it is strictly a formality, and a confusing one at that, more connected to the metaphysics than the meat of publishing. It doesn't mean there are more pages in the book this time—there aren't. Nor does it mean we're going through a lapse of publication—we're not.

Earlier in the year RAMPARTS *was* coming out a bit erratically, and that did throw things off. But we are pleased to note that this is the third issue in three months, once every thirty days or so, which is just as things should be for a monthly. The magazine is back on track in frequency, and has been for a while.

So what's in a date? Well, there's a tradition of nominal prescience built into the magazine newsstand business. We have been putting out the issue dated "March" in March, the one dated "April" in April, and so on. And that means, like the punctual rabbit in Wonderland, we're late for a very important date. As far as distribution goes, the ideal cover date is always one month off. The custom on the newsstands is that, as a magazine gets deeper into the month printed on the cover, it starts to be considered stale. And then it is liable to be prematurely removed from sale—which can hurt. To stay current, you must affect to put out next month's issue this month. Now that the magazine's actual frequency is back on track, we are setting the cover date ahead of itself, which is where it is supposed to be.

So here is the May/June RAMPARTS. We'd like to think that the issue makes up for some of this confusion of formalities by being jam-packed with content. Now if only it were a bit more packed with advertising . . . But that takes us into a different paradox of publishing, and that's another story for another time.

Letters

[JUNKIE PROPHET]

Editors:

Concerning Kopkind's eulogy of Lenny Bruce (RAMPARTS, March 1975). I agree that Bruce made important contributions to the radicalization of American culture, including his popularization of black language and his gutty ethnicity, unlike a score of other Jewish comedians who played down their ethnicity and remained mainstream.

However, to recognize the radical impulse of Bruce is one thing, to praise him as a revolutionary is another matter. Bruce did not manifest such a love. His biggest obstacle was his persistent degradation of femininity-woman as the "other", as sex object. The repertory of a revolutionary does not include such brutal verbal attacks on half of the human race.

James Gerharter
Minneapolis, Minn.

Editors:

What can be said about the glimpse you gave me of Lenny Bruce except that I'm sorry I missed him along the way.

Michael L. Smith
Vancouver, Wash.

[PARANOIA]

Editors:

Allow me to share yet an alternate view to those presented by Carl Oglesby and David Horowitz "In Defense of Paranoia," (RAMPARTS, March 1975). Take heart,

The revolution begins at home. Not in power trips with police officers and politicians, but in the willingness of each of us to change our life styles, to give up the trappings of the materialistic economy and to build a network of independent self-sufficient citizens who, when the time is here will be ready to rewrite the contract. I am an American of the Grass Root. My democracy is the democracy of the town meeting and the coop collective. The pain of Watergate and reactionary politics are the growing pains of this democracy.

Diane Pierson
Charlotte, Vt.

[BOYCOTT THE JUNTA]

Editors:

The Big Three automotive companies – Ford, General Motors, and Chrysler – recently submitted bids to the Chilean military regime for expanding their auto assembly operations in Chile, at a time when automotive plants are being shut down all over the U.S. and unemployment lines grow daily. In the 1960's, while the U.S. government pumped large sums of money into Chile to bolster the pro-American government of Eduardo Frei, the companies prospered and expanded their operations. But with the election of Salvador Allende, the three companies adopted a different posture.

Committed to a program of deep-seated social reforms, the Popular Unity government of Allende wanted to work out a new series of arrangements with many of the multinational industrial corporations operating in Chile. Regarding the automotive companies, the Popular Unity adopted an especially lenient posture, urging them to remain in Chile and continue their operations. General Motors and Ford, however, chose to close down their Chilean operations at the first opportunity. Their abrupt actions helped create the climate of economic fear and chaos which led to the military coup of September 11, 1973.

Now with the brutal overthrow of the Allende government, the permanent postponement of democratic elections, and the abolition of trade unions, the Big Three automotive companies apparently feel that conditions are more favorable for making a profit in the Chilean market. When GM resumed operations in its truck plant in Chile, a high level GM representative stated bluntly that the junta "is offering security for work and investments."

These new investments will help buoy up one of the most repressive regimes in the Western Hemisphere. Due to the international outcry which the military regime has aroused by its actions, some foreign governments have cut off their economic and military assistance programs, while many foreign corporations are holding back on new investment plans for Chile. The U.S. automotive companies, however, appear deaf to these international protests. Only a concerted protest in this country can halt their drive to maximize profits at the expense of both the American and Chilean peoples.

Charles Briody
Ecumenical Council of
Concern for Chile
Berkeley, Calif.

APOLOGIES

In the April 1975 RAMPARTS we inadvertantly omitted credit to *Working Papers for a New Society,* which published the original version of Andrew Kopkind's "Lowndes County: The Great Fear Is Gone" in its Spring 1975 issue.

Working Papers is one of the best Left publications in the United States. We read it regularly and recommend you do the same. Their address is 123 Mt. Auburn St., Cambridge, Mass. 02138.

In our March issue, a typographical error garbled the credit line for Erica Jong's poems. It should have read as follows: Copyright ©1975 by Erica Mann Jong from the forthcoming book *Loveroot,* to be published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston, Inc.

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VIETNAM

I. Why the Refugees?

"The fact that almost the entire population tried to get away from the Communists is an extraordinary indication of their belief in freedom, of the fact that they don't want to live under a Communist regime."—Vice President Nelson Rockefeller, April 2, 1975.

As a result of the latest setbacks for the Thieu regime, large numbers of civilians have abandoned their homes in different parts of South Vietnam. Such movements are usually described by the United States and Saigon governments as refugees "voting with their feet" because of their abhorrence of living under Communist control.

Additional requests for U.S. aid to Saigon are often justified by citing these refugee movements as illustrations of the South Vietnamese peoples' "resistance to Communist aggression." Statements by both President Ford and Vice President Rockefeller leave little doubt that the current flow of refugees in South Vietnam will again be used to argue for more aid to Thieu. U.S. Ambassador to Saigon Graham Martin, quoted in a letter written by Thieu's Deputy Prime Minister, makes explicit the hope that "the millions of refugees abandoning Communist-controlled zones will help create a shift in American public opinion in favor of the Republic of Vietnam."

Based on my own personal experiences of working with refugees in South Vietnam, I discovered this notion of a political motivation for the movement of refugees to be pure propaganda. In fact, after extensive contact with many hundreds of refugees over a period of close to two years I met few who had left their homes out of fear or dislike of the Communists.

There are a number of causes for the sudden flow of refugees we are now witnessing in Vietnam, including panic, anarchic conditions in cities abandoned by Saigon officials, and fear of being left behind. However, a major reason is fear of the fighting, desire to find relative safety within the Saigon-controlled enclaves. Refugees are afraid that once Saigon forces are gone, and the Provisional Revolutionary Government (PRG) takes over, the PRG-controlled areas will be subjected to massive bombing attacks and artillery fire.

Indeed, recent events show these fears to be fully justified. In their latest attempt to recapture the coastal city of Nha Trang, on April 6, Saigon forces paved the way by dropping 15,000 pound "daisy cutter" bombs which exploded directly on the city (*Chicago Tribune*, 4/7/75). Missionaries and other relief workers in South Vietnam report that two thirds of Ban Me Thuot, the capital city of Darlac province in the Central Highlands, has been destroyed, at least half of it by Saigon bombing. And Kontum and

by Edward Block

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Pleiku have been declared free-fire zones according to Saigon government sources (*Boston Globe*, 3/24/75).

[RAIN OF DEATH]

Neither the PRG nor the North Vietnamese Army have ever had a policy of bombing and burning population centers in Vietnam. To the contrary, it is primarily the impact of large-scale air bombardment of populated areas by the U.S. and Saigon air forces which has caused the huge displacements we have witnessed over the past ten years. And when U.S.-Saigon troops have been forced into retreat, this strategy has been supplemented by carpet bombing and indiscriminate shelling of populated cities and villages taken over by the PRG. The continuous Saigon air raids over the PRG city of Loc Ninh in Binh Long province is but one recent example of this strategy—there are many other instances which could also be cited.

Much of the city of Hue was destroyed in Tet 1968 during the U.S.-Saigon counterattack to recapture areas they had lost in the initial fighting. Thousands of civilians who had stayed in their homes after the U.S.-Saigon forces withdrew were subsequently killed or injured as American fighter planes dropped tons of bombs on the city. Certainly, the people of Hue could not have forgotten this tragic experience as they watched the Saigon soldiers suddenly disappear this March.

In 1972, Quang Tri was completely destroyed by U.S. B-52 bombers and Saigon artillery fire, killing more than 25,000 people whose only crime had been to remain in the city when it was taken over by the PRG. Those who were able to escape were not "fleeing from Communist aggression," as pictured by the Administration, but from the rain of death and destruction that was poured on them by the U.S.-Saigon military forces.

In Binh Dinh province, there were less than 10,000 refugees (many of them ARVN deserters and their dependents) who fled their homes during the "Easter offensive" of March-April 1972. It was only after Saigon's counterattack to retake captured districts that the in-camp refugee population swelled to over 120,000 people. These refugees had remained in their homes and villages until U.S. and Saigon air forces combined to annihilate every population center under PRG control in Binh Dinh. At that time, those people who were still alive had no real choice other than to go to Saigon-controlled areas, where they could find safety from the bombing.

Even the State Department's own research documents expose their line on refugees as a deliberate misrepresentation of the facts. Numerous studies carried out under the sponsorship of the U.S. Embassy in Saigon indicate that the great majority of refugees had fled from the dangers of war, not out of fear of the Communists. This was confirmed once again in a *New York Times* survey of hundreds of refugees who recently fled to Da Nang from Quang Tri, Hue, and other northern areas. According to this survey, "refugees appeared to be fleeing in panic rather than for political reasons . . . . Not one [refugee] said it was because he or she feared or hated the Communists." (*New York Times*, 3/26/75).

Related to this simple panic is the fact that retreating Saigon forces carried out a "scorched earth policy" destroying food supplies and fresh water facilities. The Saigon government can rely on continuing food stocks from the U.S. aid program, and many refugees feel they must move into the Saigon enclave if they are to receive any food. They also know the PRG forces are unlikely to be carrying enough food and water to provide for those civilians who remain behind.

[AID WITH STRINGS]

Humanitarian aid offered by Americans to assist the refugees in South Vietnam has been pouring in to federal and private relief organizations from around the world. There is some question at this point, however, as to how such aid will be distributed and who will actually be receiving it.

It should be kept in mind that most refugees who fled their homes in the Central Highlands and the northern five provinces are now living in areas governed by the PRG. There are approximately 1.2 million refugees in the northern provinces, 400,000 in the central provinces, and only 100,000 in and around Saigon, according to NBC News. If relief assistance is given proportionate to these figures, the refugees in PRG zones should receive 94 percent of all funds and other resources sent to Vietnam for humanitarian aid.

The PRG has already requested international relief assistance to care for the civilian population now under their control. And several relief organizations, including the United Nations Childrens Fund (UNICEF), the Mennonites, and the American Friends Service Committee have already offered to help needy Vietnamese living under both the PRG and Saigon governments.

Although such organizations can make a significant contribution toward alleviating the present refugee turmoil, their capabilities are relatively limited. Until now, the largest single source of funds and resources directed to refugee assistance in South Vietnam has been the U.S. Agency for International Development (USAID), which is the economic and technical assistance arm of the State Department. And, as long as the Saigon regime remains intact, it is unlikely the State Department will consent to provide relief assistance for refugees living under the PRG.

In fact, the Administration's current "humanitarian aid" program is closely tied to the political string of supporting Saigon's war effort. For example, in this year's USAID request for $135 million in "humanitarian aid," almost 90 percent of the funds were programed to support paramilitary refugee resettlement operations —that is, to put refugees in contested or PRG-controlled zones in order to legitimize Saigon control over new territory.

Furthermore, at least until the Paris Agreements were signed in January 1973, the U.S. refugee assistance program in South Vietnam was implemented in conjunction with "Operation Phoenix," the CIA-sponsored counterinsurgency effort to eliminate suspected PRG cadre by assassination

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and terror. Refugee camps, for example, were prime areas of activity for Saigon agents on the lookout for "Communist sympathizers" and the like. In refugee resettlement areas, children between the ages of 6 and 14 were often recruited by Saigon police to serve as informants. After January 1973, funding for Operation Phoenix was reportedly cut off. Nevertheless, current news accounts of Saigon troops and police carrying out "discriminate elimination" of suspected enemy agents aboard U.S.-operated refugee evacuation ships (*Chicago Tribune*, 4/7/75) reflect the continuing close connection between so-called refugee relief and Saigon's counterinsurgency campaign.

In the past, the U.S. Congress has been an unwitting tool in this counter-insurgency effort by agreeing to Administration requests for large amounts of "humanitarian aid" directed to the Thieu regime. If members of Congress are truly sincere about providing humanitarian (rather than paramilitary) aid to South Vietnam, they should insist the Administration make funds available to *all* refugees, including the great majority now living in PRG zones.

Congress should also require that U.S. funds for humanitarian aid to South Vietnam be distributed through agencies other than USAID, which exists primarily to service the Thieu regime and its corrupt officials. During the past two years, as a result of findings and recommendations made by Senator Kennedy's Subcommittee on Refugees, the Senate has urged in its foreign aid appropriation bills that the Administration open up new, more effective, and less politically-oriented channels for providing economic and humanitarian assistance to South Vietnam. However, due to its own political bias, the State Department has strongly resisted such efforts, and Ambassador Martin even went so far as to urge reduced U.S. aid for the International Red Cross because of its relief operations in North Vietnam.

To overcome this roadblock, a few congressmen, including Senators Kennedy and Humphrey, have recently proposed legislation that would require any additional U.S. humanitarian aid appropriations to Indochina to be channelled through various multi-national agencies such as the International Red Cross, United Nations relief agencies and private international relief organizations. Only with measures such as this can we insure against the continued political manipulation of refugees in South Vietnam, as well as prevent Saigon officials from adding more money to their already bulging Swiss bank accounts.

Edward Block served two years as refugee relief and rehabilitation officer in South Vietnam for the United States Agency for International Development, 1972-73.

II.
The Myth of the Hue Massacre

by Edward Herman and D. Gareth Porter

"Look, if you think any American official is going to tell the truth, then you're stupid. Did you hear that?—stupid."—Arthur Sylvester, Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs, Saigon, July 1965.

With the Saigon government's abandonment of Hue, and with refugees once more in flight, it was inevitable that the media would revive the memory of the "Hue massacre" of 1968. During March and early April 1975, wire services reported almost daily that "the bodies of more than 3,000 Hue residents were found in mass graves outside the city, executed by their Communist-led captors" (March 25). Don Oberdorfer of the *Washington Post*, in his "farewell" to Hue, recalled that "some 2,800 people were executed in Hue during the Tet offensive. Similar statements were made by the *New York Times*, CBS News and other media.

The "Hue massacre" is now mentioned in a virtually reflex action whenever people refer to Hue—understandably so, given the number of times the story has been repeated since 1968. But this reflex represents a triumph of propaganda over journalistic professionalism. For, like so much else which concerns the history of the Vietnam War, this widely accepted "fact" is a myth, originated by officials of the Saigon and U.S. governments, using phoney documentation and plain lies.

The myth of the Communist massacre at Hue has never been seriously questioned or investigated by the press. Why this has been so, and the process by which the myth has been institutionalized, is as important as the falsity of the myth itself.

[THE MYTH]

The essential point of the myth[1] is that during their month-long occupation of Hue during the Tet Offensive of 1968, NLF and North Vietnamese forces deliberately, according to an advance plan and "blacklist," rounded up and murdered thousands of civilians, either because they

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worked for the government or represented "class enemies." The basic documentation supporting the myth consists of a report issued by the Saigon government in April 1968, a captured document made public by the U.S. Mission in November 1969, and a long analysis published in 1970 by USIS employee Douglas Pike. The Saigon and Pike reports should have aroused suspicions by their source, their tone, and by their role in an extended propaganda campaign. But, even more important, the substance of these documents does not withstand scrutiny.

The primary source of information for the U.S.-Saigon acount of what happened in Hue has been the Saigon army's Tenth Political Warfare Battalion. The reliability of this agency in such matters must be judged in the context of its past role in the forgery of documents and implementation of major propaganda campaigns around the theme of alleged Communist massacres. Colonel Nguyen Van Chau, who was head of the Central Psychological Warfare Service of the Saigon army from 1956 to 1962, revealed in 1972 that the famous "bloodbath" in North Vietnam during the land reform program was "100% fabricated" by the Saigon government.[2] According to Colonel Chau, a systematic campaign of vilification by the use of forged documents was carried out during the mid-1950s to justify Diem's refusal to negotiate with Hanoi in preparation for the unheld elections of 1956. This forging of documents was assisted by U.S. and British intelligence agencies, who helped gather authentic documents that permitted a plausible foundation to be laid for the forgeries, which were then distributed to various political groups, writers, and intellectuals for anti-Communist propaganda.

It was this same Saigon government propaganda apparatus which provided the "evidence" through the Tenth Political Warfare Battalion on the "massacre" in Hue. In a report issued in late April 1968, it claimed that about one thousand executions had been carried out by the Communists in and around Hue, and that nearly half of the victims had been buried alive. Since the story was ignored by the American press, the U.S. embassy put out the same report the following week, and this time it was headlined in American papers. The story was never questioned, despite the fact that no Western journalist had ever been taken to see the grave sites when the bodies were uncovered. On the contrary, French photographer Marc Riboudwas repeatedly denied permission to see one of the sites where the Province Chief claimed 300 civilian government workers had been executed by the Communists. When he was finally taken by helicopter to the alleged site, the pilot refused to land, claiming the area was "insecure."

The captured document, on which many stories were based reporting that the Communists "admitted" killing some 2,900 people in Hue, was released to the press in November 1969. At that time Douglas Pike, a USIS expert on Vietnam, was in Saigon to push the Hue massacre story, at the request of Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker. Pike, an expert media manipulator, recognized that American reporters love "documents," so he produced documents. He also knew that virtually none of these journalists knew Vietnamese, so that documents could be translated and shuffled around into conformity with the requirements of a massacre, so he did this. He also knew that few journalists would challenge his veracity and independently assess and develop evidence, despite the long record of official duplicity on Vietnam and the coincidence of this new document with official public relations needs of the moment—Mylai had broken, and organized peace activity in the Fall of 1969 was intense. Pike was correct on this point also, and the few indications of skepticism by foreign reporters were not allowed to interfere with the institutionalization of the official version.

Thus, in the Fall of 1969 the press once again headlined the refurbished myth, quoting from the captured document: 'We eliminated 1,892 administrative personnel, 39 policemen, 790 tyrants, 6 captains, 2 first lieutenants, 20 second lieutenants and many noncomissioned officers." This sentence and document were accepted as confirmation of the U.S.-Saigon story of Hue, despite the fact that nowhere in the document is it claimed or even suggested that any innocent civilians had been *executed*. The use of the word "eliminate" was a deceptive mistranslation, suggesting killing, whereas the Vietnamese original ("diet") had always been used much more broadly to include killed, wounded, captured, and forced to surrender. Furthermore, the quoted sentence was taken out of context of the document as a whole, which had nothing to do with the punishment of individuals, but was rather a low-level report, describing the military victory of the NLF in a particular district of Hue. But the press was too interested in reaffirming the cruelty of the Viet Cong to pay attention to such fine distinctions.

At about the same time, Douglas Pike gave to selected reporters a list of 15 categories of what he called "enemies of the people," said to be targeted for liquidation. But this phrase apears in none of the documents cited by Pike—it was his own concoction—and even more serious, the documents neither say nor imply that these categories of people were to be punished, let alone liquidated. In fact, the document, which has the title "Fifteen Criteria for Investigation," was simply one local cadre's notion of the kinds of people to be carefully *observed*.

The claim by Pike that the NLF had blacklists for execution which included "selected non-official and natural leaders of the community, chiefly educators and religionists," is pure fabrication. The testimony of Hue's chief of secret police himself contradicts this. According to the latter, the only names on the list of those to be executed were the officers of the secret police of Hue. In fact, the general strategy of the NLF conveyed in one key captured document provided by the U.S. Mission to one of the authors in 1971, was to try to mobilize and gain support from the masses, organized religious groups, and even ordinary policemen.

Apart from the "captured documents," the support for the alleged massacre comes most notably from the finding of mass graves—but this evidence is as unconvincing as the managed documents. A fundamental difficulty arises from the fact that large

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numbers of civilians were killed in the U.S.-Saigon recapture of Hue by the massive and indiscriminate use of firepower. David Douglas Duncan, the famous combat photographer, said of the recapture that it was a "total effort to root out and kill every enemy soldier. The mind reels at the carnage, cost and ruthlessness of it all." Robert Shaplen wrote at the time, "Nothing I saw during the Korean War, or in the Vietnam War so far has been as terrible, in terms of destruction and despair, as what I saw in Hue." Of Hue's 17,134 houses, 9,776 were completely destroyed and 3,169 more were officially classified as "seriously damaged." The initial official South Vietnamese estimate of the number of civilians killed in the fighting during the bloody reconquest was 3,776. The NLF claimed to have buried a great many victims of the bombardment in mass graves, along with their own casualties, and a large number of dead civilians were bull-dozed into mass graves by the returning U.S. and Saigon forces.

An important feature of the evidence of the mass graves, as we noted earlier, is that independent journalists were never allowed to be present at their opening. One of the authors spoke with an American marine who was on the scene at one of the early grave openings, who claims that the bodies were not available for inspection, and that he observed old scour marks and tracks indicative of the use of bulldozers at the original burial (which the NLF did not possess). Perhaps the only Western physician to have examined the graves, Dr. Alje Vennema, found that the number of victims in the grave sites he examined were inflated in the U.S.-Saigon count by over seven-fold, totalling only 68 instead of the officially claimed 477; and according to Vennema most of the bodies were clothed in military uniforms and had wounds suggesting that they were victims of the fighting.

The Minister of Health of the Saigon government, Tran Luu Y, after visiting some of the burial sites in April 1969, also expressed the belief that the bodies could well be those of NLF soldiers killed in battle.

In a context of vast numbers of civilians and soldiers killed by savage bombardment and intense fighting—and buried in many hastily dug and covered-over graves—the identification of the sources of the killing of particular victims would be difficult even if carried out by investigators of integrity. When done by propaganda agencies of established willingness to fabricate, carefully avoiding independent verification, and with wildly oscillating numbers of victims, the estimates must be taken with a grain of salt. But this is not done. Don Oberdorfer, in his book on *Tet* and in news reports into April 1975, repeats the assertions of the propaganda agencies that 2,800 "victims of the occupation" were found in mass graves.[3] Fox Butterfield, in the *New York Times* of April 1975, even places all 3,000 bodies in a single grave! Samuel A. Adams, a former analyst with the CIA, writes in the *Wall Street Journal* of March 26, 1975, that "South Vietnamese and Communist estimates of the dead coincide almost exactly. Saigon says it dug up some 2,800 bodies; a Viet Cong police report puts the number at about 3,000." There are no "police reports" that say any such thing; and it apparently never occurs to Adams that the 2,800 figure might have been adjusted to the needs of the mistranslated document.

Len Ackland and Don Oberdorfer have documented cases of individuals who were executed when they tried to hide or otherwise resisted the NLF early in the occupation. But these acts seem to have reflected individual decisions by NLF soldiers and cadres, rather than any policy decision to execute large numbers. According to residents of Hue, interviewed by Len Ackland in 1968, the number of executions early in the occupation was small. In the later phase, when the NLF was being forced out under military pressure, some officials and anti-Communist political leaders, earlier marked for "re-education," were executed, but the numbers still appear to be a very small fraction of the propaganda claims. And there is no evidence in documents, graves, or from individual witness which suggests any large and indiscriminate slaughter of civilians by the NLF at Hue.

[INSTITUTIONALIZING THE MYTH]

By what process does a myth become institutionalized? How does it remain intact for the better part of a decade in a country with a "free press," supposedly interested in the truth, or at least presumably reluctant knowingly to perpetuate falsehood? These are important questions, and the history of the Hue myth adds weight to the view that even in a free society some truths are more equal than others, or, conversely, that falsehoods may be institutionalized if they are congenial to powerful interests and if no important countervailing forces press for the truth.

In the case of Hue, the creation of the myth was facilitated by the confusion of facts in a context of many thousands of civilian deaths, which included a relatively small number attributable to the NLF and North Vietnamese. In this situation, it was easy for experienced official propagandists to construct an edifice of "facts," using documents, statistics and official reports. But equally important was the gullibility and receptivity of American journalists to allegations of evil by the Communists. Their ignorance of the nature and tactics of the NLF, and of the Vietnamese scene in general, is striking; their willingness to believe without question officially produced "documents" that vindicate cold war clichés—in the face of the record of official dishonesty—is awesome.

In some measure this receptivity to official anti-Communist propaganda must be attributed to an unwritten but clear intellectual and moral code among correspondents in Vietnam, which insisted on a "balancing" of their disillusionment with the U.S.-Saigon side with a reaffirmation of the even greater evil of the "enemy." This "balance" has required the suspension of critical processes in considering allegations of evil by the Communists, especially in the face of "documents." (Even the revelations that Watergate and Vietnam tactics were part of a seamless web, as in the Colson-Hunt fabrication of a telegram implicating John F. Kennedy in the Diem assassination, failed to shake the media's official faith in official documents). The Hue massacre evidence has thus been

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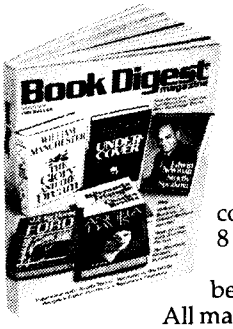

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taken at face value up to this very moment in newspapers like the *Washington Post* and *New York Times.* Equally important, perhaps, Frances Fitzgerald in her book *Fire in the Lake* —a work critical of American intervention and sympathetic to the Vietnamese resistance—presents the myth as truth, with a single citation to Douglas Pike as authority! This permitted it to be said that "even" the anti-war forces concede the truth of the Hue massacre. When James Jones, returning from a brief tour of Vietnam, repeated the myth in the *New York Times Magazine,* and was challenged on the point, he referred to Fitzgerald and Oberdorfer as his authentic liberal sources.

The myth has also been established overseas, Michel Tatu, foreign editor of *Le Monde,* for one, having taken it as truth for some years. In his letter proposing Sakharov for the 1973 Nobel Peace Prize, Aleksandr Solzhenitzn also refers to "the bestial mass killing in Hue" as "reliably proved"—and we can be sure he is not referring to the nearly 4,000 civilians mentioned by the Saigon authorities themselves as buried in the rubble created by American firepower!—which suggests that Solzhenitzn was solemnly informed by his Western friends that the Communists "admitted" the killings in authoritative "captured documents."

The myth of Hue *is* questioned in the U.S. but generally only in journals and books of small circulation and marginal publicity resources, lacking in direct access to 95 per cent of the population. The mass media uniformly accept the myth, transmit it to the general public, and refuse to examine its validity or allow challenges to surface from underground. *The New York Times Magazine,* for example, rejected an article on the subject by one of the authors (Porter) in response to the myth-propagating article by James Jones—not on the grounds of truth or falsehood, it just didn't suit. On Hue we see the *Times* in its Podsnap stance: "I don't want to know about it; I don't choose to discuss it! I don't admit it!' Mr. Podsnap had even acquired a peculiar flourish of his right arm in often clearing the world of its most difficult problems . . . for they affronted him."[4]

But why are the *Times* and the mass media in general content to accept and disseminate a myth? A primary reason is that no important American power group is damaged by this fabrication; thus no "demand" exists that the media feel pressed to supply. There is an obvious analogy with the media's long disinterest in illegal CIA and FBI actions taken against the Socialist Workers Party and the anti-war movement—and their intensive investigative efforts and indignation when Larry O'Brien, Edward Muskie, and other leading citizens were the victims.

A second factor is that important power interests find the Hue massacre myth positively useful. The Government war party, of course, has found the myth of Hue to be invaluable. It has permitted the creation of a fearsome picture of a massive bloodbath if the revolutionaries were to win in South Vietnam, which has in its turn provided an important moral basis for our continued intervention as the "lesser" evil. At the same time, the myth has diverted attention from the real and massive bloodbath in which the U.S. has been participating and sustaining for a decade.[5] No matter how much violence we have perpetrated, with the myth intact the numerous media conduits of government propaganda have always had an automatic checkmate with a solemn reminder of the "Hue Massacre."

Not only the warmakers, but many other leaders and intellectuals *want* the Communists to be nefarious. It pulls us together, mutes any radical tendencies, and helps sustain the arms budget. And in the country at large, elemental nationalism is a powerful force, which makes *their* evils consoling, our own painful. Thus there is a positive demand for illustrations of Communist evil—as for instances of welfare abuses—and refutations of false cases would please few people.

It is an interesting coincidence that Mylai, a real and authenticated massacre, occurred at about the same time as the mythical Communist massacre at Hue. The Hue massacre was *needed* to help convince us that even if we were not quite as kindly toward the Vietnamese as in the rhetoric of intervention, *they* were worse. And it would have disturbed the public's equanimity and sense of patriotic virtue if the media had challenged this convenient offset to the evidence of our own acts. Thus, although untrue, the myth comforted a disturbed public.

But how do the media's revelations of the Mylai massacre square with this analysis? Mylai is an exception, explained by its special characteristics. Even in that case, however, it should be recalled that Mylai occurred in March 1968, the media publicity came more than a year later, and with much of the initiative from non-media people like Ron Ridenhour. It was also a dramatic event, with American participants and sympathetic personalities involved, making it newsworthy. In addition, once the story broke, it was hard to contain, for the Mylai revelations occurred at a time when many important people in the U.S. had had enough of Vietnam, and counterweights to the Nixon drift toward escalation were in demand.

More typical of the treatment of "allied" atrocities was the mass media's suppression of the sensational revelations of thousands of murders of South Vietnamese civilians by our South Korean mercenaries. The revelations were made in 1972 by two Vietnamese-speaking Quakers, Diane and Michael Jones, who carried out an intensive study of only a portion of the area "pacified" by the South Koreans for half a decade. In the process they uncovered solid evidence of 12 separate massacres of 100 or more civilians and assorted cold-blooded murders running into the thousands. Their well-documented study was shown to Craig Whitney of the *New York Times* and many others. Whitney deigned to mention briefly the Jones study toward the end of an article taking a "balanced" view of the South Korean role, essentially regretful of their imminent departure from "providing a military shield in a poorly defended section of the central coast" (*NYT,* Nov. 9, 1972). That was about it for this story of a *real* massacre, extending over many years, and part of our program of saving the South Vietnamese from aggression.

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[OFFICIAL TRUTH]

Many South Vietnamese were killed at Hue in February through April 1968, the vast majority victims of the fighting, and especially the stupendous use of firepower by the U.S. in recapturing the city. The Communists killed some civilians during their occupation, but there is no evidence that they executed large numbers. In the context of the massive carnage of the Vietnam war generally, and the battle of Hue in particular, the term "massacre" applied to Communist killing of civilians at Hue is simply a deceptive propaganda ploy. The figure of 3,000 repeated in the American press is based on the unverified assertions of Saigon and U.S. propaganda, which rest in turn on the misrepresentation of documentary and site evidence.

The willingness of the mass media to swallow and institutionalize the myth of the Hue massacre reflects its real role in a political and social system adjusted to cold war conflict. In this case bias is not merely a matter of selectivity of issues and choice of truth, it extends to the acceptance and dissemination of official untruth. Despite its experience with official lying and forgeries, it appears once again that in the field of foreign policy the media will challenge the government only under exceptional circumstances —such as when their own rights or those of powerful interest groups are threatened, or when uncontrollable dramatic incidents force themselves into the foreground. Ordinarily the mass media will serve as conduits for government fabrications with only muted and respectful questioning, as in the classic case of Lyndon Johnson's periodic "peace moves," intended to manipulate public opinion by PR gestures, but swallowed in each and every case by the media as of substantive nature. On the Hue massacre, a fabrication that meets official needs, to dehumanize the "enemy," and is subject to no countervailing interest that might cause the mass media to challenge it, has been effectively institutionalized as an "official truth."

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FOOTNOTES

1. For a fuller, documented account of the myth and its genesis, see D. Gareth Porter, "U.S. Political Warfare in Vietnam—The 1968 'Hue Massacre,'" *Indochina Chronicle*, No. 33, June 24, 1974 (reprinted in the *Congressional Record*, February 19, 1975).
2. See D. Gareth Porter, "The Myth of the Bloodbath; North Vietnam's Land Reform Reconsidered," *Bulletin of Concerned Asian Scholars*, September 1973, Pp. 2-15.
3. In his analysis of the Hue Massacre, Oberdorfer also relies on the evidence of defectors ("ralliers") long mobilized by the Saigon Political Warfare Department to make political points not otherwise readily supported. Cf. item in Footnote 1.
4. Charles Dickens, *Our Mutual Friend*.
5. On the relative terror attributable to the U.S., Saigon, and the NLF, see Edward S. Herman, *Atrocities in Vietnam: Myths and Realities*, (Pilgrim, 1970), Chapter 2 and 3; on the historic and prospective bloodbath, see *Ibid*, Chapters 4 and 5, and Noam Chomsky and Edward S. Herman, *Counter-Revolutionary Violence Bloodbaths in Fact and Propaganda* (Warner Modular, 1973).

III.
Last Report from the Central Highlands

As of mid-April, Saigon has lost control of nearly three-quarters of South Vietnam. Shortly before the beginning of the current offensive, James Fenton made an extensive tour of the Central Highlands and the coastal strip to the east. This report on a region now firmly in PRG hands helps illuminate the disaster that has befallen the Saigon regime.

When I left Saigon for the central region of South Vietnam it was an army holiday with the loudspeakers blaring *Angels from the Realms of Glory*, and the toy tanks and machine-guns being hawked around the streets. The previous day the North Vietnamese in their compound at Camp Davis had shown us a documentary about Dien Bien Phu. When the French surrendered, they emerged in an orderly procession waving immaculate white flags, beautifully made. I was told that the victorious troops had actually kept the French waiting while the flags could be brought from Hanoi, so that the great moment would look great on film. The French had had no clean linen.

We went on through landscapes which were as varied as their inhabitants— sometimes it would be coffee plantations worked by a race whose language sounded strangely like Italian; Dalat with its air of a French mountain resort (where I met a Frenchwoman whose plan was to marry a Montagnard chief, in order to stop the Vietnamese from taking her property); the empty seaside resort of Nha Trang, lashed by a passing typhoon. We found a place by the shore which had obviously once been a military base. The only remaining structure was an archway on which were painted the words "Das Schloss." The village nearby had been constructed from its remains: one

by James Fenton

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of the walls was made out of a notice-board which said "Rabies Suspect—No Unauthorized Personnel." But what were the political allegiances of its inhabitants? It was impossible to tell. There were no soldiers around, and no Vietcong. The villagers were unwilling to let us eat there; and we took the hint.

There was also a steep valley which had been almost entirely defoliated. The mountains were strewn with huge boulders, and the white stumps of the dead trees pointed up out of the returning scrub. Several of the rocks had been decorated with the skull and crossbones, and under these sat the soldiers sheltering from the rain. Late one evening, having argued our way through one or two astonished and frightened checkpoints, we came to the town of Bong Son in Binh Dinh province, and were taken in hand by the district chief, a certain Major Bang.

The major, as his name so painfully suggests, is very keen on artillery. He explained to us, over a deafening supper, how scrupulously he was adhering to the Paris Peace Agreement. He was firing only defensively, he said, and only at known targets. I concluded, by the end of an earsplitting night, that he must have been very much on the defensive, and that his *deuxième bureau* must have been working round the clock providing him with new coordinates. He also told us that the people of the area, after their experience of the Vietcong, loathed the communists. We were able to test the truth of this statement the next day.

Binh Dinh is a traditional Vietcong stronghold—a populous province where the anti-Americanism of the inhabitants is still palpable. Route 1, on which we were travelling, passes quite close to the sea, and yet on either side of the road the Vietcong is present in force. One receives the impression that the road is only kept open on sufferance. Ten kilometers north of Major Bang's preserve we found that three bridges had been destroyed and that the flood waters would render repairs impossible for some days.

Beside the first bridge lay the body of a Vietcong soldier who had been killed nearby. The face had been completely stove in, and the whole corpse lacked blood: it looked as if it had been dragged through the water; round its waist there was still a length of rope. As we looked at it, a battalion of soldiers arrived by truck, dismounted and began to climb along the broken bridge. They were on their way to begin an operation, and were in a bloodthirsty mood. There was a note of hysteria to the scene which had transmitted itself to the large crowd of travellers and villagers who had assembled by the bridge. One of the soldiers took a stick and pried open the mouth of the dead man. "We go kill too many VC," the soldiers said with satisfaction.

[CROSSING THE LINE]

We drove a short way back along the road, and left the car parked behind some trees. Then we walked along the paddy track across a couple of fields, until we came to a small stream whose bridge had been broken. I was just beginning to ask myself why such a minor damage had not immediately been repaired when, looking up, I saw a soldier in green peering over a hedge, beckoning us to come quickly and pointing to the part where the stream was shallowest. We waded through, and crossed into the Vietcong zone.

People tend to be rather suspicious of the Vietcong. They don't like the way that they behave so well. They don't like the fact that when hard-nosed journalists go to visit them they tend to come back rather gooey-eyed. They feel that if the Vietcong are so bloody marvellous then there must be something deeply wrong with themselves. They think it's all a put-up job. So all I shall say is what I saw, which doesn't amount to much.

The first thing I noticed, with slight dismay, was how well-dressed everybody was—if I had known in advance I should have put on a tie. Their clothes were for the most part made of Chinese cloth, rather well cut. Their watches came from Japan and were set to Hanoi time. Several of them wore pith helmets and Ho Chi Minh badges. Most carried the regulation communist rifle, the AK-47, but one had an American M16. One of them unzipped the embroidered pouch in which he kept his transistor, and turned on Radio Hanoi. A solemn voice with the faintest trace of an accent said "I'm a teacher; I-apostrophe-M A T-E-A-C-H-E-R. You're a student; Y-O-U-apostrophe . . ." But the thing that struck me most was the number of ball-point pens they wore. Rather good ones, too, I thought enviously.

While we were talking, several of the villagers who had been at the bridge came back to tell the soldiers what was happening. They talked about the dead soldier, who was known to them, and they told of the arrival of the new reinforcements. One boy of about 16 seemed particularly moved by what he had seen. He sat on the floor and talked about it for some time. When the Vietcong spoke they spoke rather quietly, almost as if they might be overheard by the Saigon soldiers on the road. The only noise, apart from the occasional rifle shot, was that of the military traffic going up to the bridge. One might have been lulled by the confidence in everybody's manner into a sense of total security—had not the political officer told us after lunch that it would be dangerous to stay any longer. Since we left the area it has indeed been the scene of bitter fighting.

Thinking of Major Bang's pronouncement the night before, that the people of the area loathed the communists, I wondered whether I could be deceived in concluding that this was quite false. Two things remained in my mind: the first was the fact that the Saigon troops we had seen that morning were clearly frightened, conscious that they were in hostile territory. The second was the sight of a small child in the Vietcong village who wore the uniform of the local school. Every day he must have had to cross the lines in order to be imbued with Saigon propaganda. Crossing the lines was obviously no problem, but did it not argue a certain political confidence on the part of the communists that the child was allowed to do so?

Returning towards Bong Son, we came again upon the body of the dead Vietcong. It had been dragged down the road and dumped near a small market, no doubt as a warning to the local populace. The rope was still around its waist, but the arms, which had previously been stretched out, were now bent into an attitude suggesting an embrace.

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[A SOLDIER'S LIFE]

The Americans used to call it Firebase November, but I cannot believe that it was they who constructed the pleasant straw huts, or fashioned the charming wooden tables and placed them in the shade. Everything above ground looked as if it had been designed for a *Club Mediterrané*, apart from the barbed wire. From the officers' bunkers came a sound of female laughter, giggling and other things. Painted faces with plucked eyebrows emerged from the trenches, and were introduced by the officers as their wives. We were a few miles north of Kontum, and about 500 yards from the front line. You must spend the night with us, said the officers, to see something of the life of the soldier.

There were several things which made the soldiers depressed. Some of them had not seen their families for two years. They didn't get any leave. They didn't find it easy to live on 20 dollars a month. They didn't like having to go out on patrols, from which their comrades often did not return. They didn't like the fact that the local version of malaria can kill a man in two days, and they didn't like the bitterly cold nights. They slept in makeshift bivouacs, with a sack of rice as a pillow, protecting their food from the plentiful rats. In contrast to the officers, they were not allowed "wives," even if they could afford them at the going rate of three dollars a night.

The guard on the north gate was a Cambodian from the Delta. He had very much liked serving under the American officers in the Special Forces, but said that with ARVN everything was a fuck-up. I sat up with him through most of the night, watching the quiet landscape, which was brilliantly lit by the moon. From time to time an old soldier, also Cambodian, came round with a stick to make sure that the guard was awake. This man was in a good mood—in two weeks, after a service of 25 years, he was due to retire. I happened to have just visited the village to which he was going to return, so I told him that the place was now in a contested area and very likely to be taken over by the Vietcong. He didn't seem at all worried or surprised by this. He was going to retire—and that was that.

But the guard on the north gate was young, and had no option to retire. He very much wanted to leave the army. There were so many things he would like to do, if only he wasn't a soldier. When asked exactly what it was he wanted to do, he was at a loss to say. We sat and shivered and talked. To our left we could see the mountains through which the Ho Chi Minh trail runs. Ahead of us, a new road had been constructed, leading east across the highlands and down into Binh Dinh, where the supplies crossed the road at the point where we had been stopped the day before, and then continued along the shore to the very outskirts of Qui Nhon. The soldiers in the camp said that on most nights they could hear the NVA tanks and Molotova trucks maneuvering on the road. These movements are massive—the Saigon high command claimed, since I left, to have destroyed 79 trucks in one bombing.

[WAITING FOR THE VIETMINH]

"I want you to write," said the director of the Open Arms program in Kontum, "that the people of Kontum are not afraid of an attack by the VC." I am glad to oblige. The people of Kontum are not afraid of an attack by the VC. They are not afraid of it, from what I could gather, because in fact they would rather welcome it. Their reasoning is paradoxical.

The South Vietnamese argue like this: the population here is mainly Montagnard and mainly Catholic; Catholicism hates communism; therefore the people here hate communism. But the conclusion does not follow from the premises. The Montagnards here are certainly Christian, if by the term Christian you mean that they invoke the name *Yezuz* when crossing a stream, or that the women cross themselves before having a drink. And if by anti-communist you mean that they were glad to work as spies for the French or with the CIA as Special Forces, then they were certainly anti-communist. *Were* anti-communist.

We asked a right-wing Catholic priest why the Vietcong had not yet attacked Kontum, which was nearly encircled and geographically made difficult to defend. He said that the Vietcong had not attacked Kontum yet because they hardly needed to; he said that if they walked into the administrative offices the next day and just took over, nobody would be in the slightest bit concerned. He had been talking to a carpenter the day before, who had asked him, "If we have communism in the future, will we still be able to get Formica?"

Over a drinking session in one of their villages we asked a group of Montagnards what they would like to see happen in Vietnam. First they said that they would like to see the French come back; then that the Americans were very good; finally, after admitting that neither the French nor the Americans were likely to return, they said that they would welcome the arival of the Vietminh. At this point we objected. If they really liked the Vietminh, as they said, then they must have changed their minds about the Americans and the French. No, they said, the Americans were *tout droit*, and so were the French. The Vietminh had previously been torture, but now they also were *tout droit*. Happily, one man said, the Vietminh would shortly arrive, take the South Vietnamese and smash their faces in. That was the exact expression he used, and it does not sound to me at all anti-communist.

Whatever became of the Special Forces, that brainchild of the CIA which was accounted by many to be one of the few real successes of the U.S. in Indochina? The American Special Forces disliked the Vietnamese. They liked the ethnic minorities because they could count on their loyalty. They worked with the Cambodians of the Delta, the Montagnards of the Central Highlands and the Meos of Laos. One might have thought that they would have left behind in these areas a political tradition which it would be difficult to combat. And yet, at the same time that the Montagnards were telling us that they now preferred the communists, a town in Laos was being taken over by aggrieved ex-CIA mercenaries—in cooperation with the Pathet Lao. The loyalty to the Americans was real, and remains so—but to confuse it with genuine political loyalty is to make the same mistake as the

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Americans themselves made.

In Saigon, I asked a soldier to show me the way to the house of Madame Ngo Ba Thanh, who is a leader of the "Third Force." He did so, and warned me to beware of the secret police at the gate. In fact the house arrest had been very tactfully arranged, and one might not have noticed the group playing cards down the street. I asked Madame whether we could expect anything much of the Third Force in the near future, and what she said seemed to make a lot of sense.

She said that it was only natural that the right-wing Catholic movement had lost impetus in the face of a real military threat to the Saigon regime. As for the left-wing Catholics, though there were sincere men among them, they were basically—like all Catholics—opportunists. They did not represent any real movement in society. For her own group, she said that they and the Buddhists had failed to get mass support from the people—there had been demonstrations, but nothing large enough to move the Thieu regime. Primarily, she said, they had failed because they could not stand up to the repressions of the Saigon government. For the moment, at least, they had been defeated. So it was not surprising, she said, that the Provisional Revolutionary Government had been forced to continue the struggle against Thieu on the military front. It had been made perfectly clear to them, since the Paris Peace Agreement, that there was no other way forward. She did not like this state of affairs, but she recognized that the only force operating at present was the PRG.

["THE FUTURE WILL SHOW YOU"]

On the war front, during my absence, the Vietcong and NVA had been making considerable progress, mopping up most of Phuoc Long province. Those who had previously said that the communists would never bother with the provincial capital, Phuoc Binh, were astounded to see the guns turned in that direction too. Would this attack not encourage Congress to give that extra money? It appeared that if the PRG were thinking that way, they were not worried at the prospect.

Besides, many people felt that the South Vietnamese had been banking all along on getting the extra appropriations. They had not been making the necessary economies in advance, because they had a shrewd idea that Congress could be blackmailed into coughing up at the last moment. The same game has been played in Cambodia, where none of the necessary economies, or only a few of them, were made in advance. Would Congress sit by and watch Lon Nol run out of the wherewithal? Ridiculous!

The Saigon government has reached a point at which it has got to give up some of its pretentions in order to survive. The request for more aid is a request to continue making the country unworkable—making a presence on the main roads, a hundred yards from the PRG, maintaining the meaningless garrisons, a provincial capital with no province left, maintaining the war. But what struck me most about Vietnam was not the sense of staleness in the situation, but the rapidity of the changes taking place. Most of all, the people change. Sometimes they change before your very eyes. Vietnam is full of traditions, no country more so. But surely the tradition of national unity is stronger than the rest. If Thieu stands for division, at a time when the prospects for peace and unity are strong (if only because the chance of communist victory is strong), is it not likely that many people will start changing sides? The commitments of the past are not nearly as strong as they seem. The people themselves are not what they seem.

"Man proposes, God disposes," our guest said, by way of opening the conversation. We were slightly taken aback. He was a cyclo-driver in a small town, whom we had invited to dinner to celebrate the New Year. But as he sat down at the table he turned into something else. He became garrulous in excellent French. It was as if everything he had ever learned during the course of his French education and his service as a government employee in Tonkin, all the accumulated wisdom of the French, had swelled up inside him and was now bursting out. He had a store of proverbs to meet every requirement. When we asked him whether he resented being a cyclo-driver, he told us that every man must work in order to pay his debt to society, and that there was no such thing as stupid work, only stupid people.

He recited us a poem about the poor in winter, and some verses about a princess weeping under a tree. After every line, he would give us a perfect paraphrase, in case the slightest shade of meaning had escaped us. He recited a poem by Lamartine, whom I vowed at once never to read. He sang a Boy Scout song about the life of the *matelot*, and its attendant dangers. Finally, with terrific flourish and style, so that you could almost hear the piano accompaniment, he sang a song called *Tant qu'il y aura des étoiles*, though we are only beggars, the song went, and although our life is utterly wretched in every respect, as long as there are the stars, we will be blissfully happy and content with our lot. He seemed at this point to be the paragon of supine virtues.

He had of course a thing or two to say about communism: violence, deception and lying are the methods employed, he said, by those who wish to attain a classless society. When we asked him, however, what he *thought* about the possibility of a classless society, he affected not to understand the question. But we finally pushed him to the point when he had run out of apothegms for our delectation. Come on, we said, what do you *really* think about the war?

At this point he underwent his second transformation of the evening. He looked down at the tablecloth and paused dramatically. Then, as he began to speak, his mouth twisted into a snarl, and he spat the words out. "I think that Vietnam has been a prey," he said, "a prey to foreigners. We could not do anything about it in the past because we were too weak and feeble. But that is changing now. The future, the future will show you"—and here he raised his voice to the climax: "The future will show you. I can't say more than that."

James Fenton, now in Indochina, is a regular contributor to the New Statesman, *London. Reprinted from the March 28, 1975* New Statesman, *by permission.*

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Depression and the Crisis of Conscience

"One need not extrapolate race wars as the depression deepens. What is needed, instead, is a reappraisal of all employment practices which compromise the nation's commitment to both the elimination of discrimination and full insurance against basic poverty."

Economic shrinkage squeezes to the surface a detritus of discords. Whether the shrinkage is temporary or permanent—and if temporary, its duration—determine whether advances in social morality accomplished partially, and gradually in times of expansion, can persist with the abating of activity. If the shrinkage is brief, and does not extend over the whole economy, tests of principle may occur only in isolated cases. But if it be permanent, or if economic growth is at a far slower pace than in the past, and is sporadically subject to protracted interruptions, issues which many have thought to be settled prove to be unresolved; in fact, not even to have been raised in the fundamental sense. This reality has been exposed in recent months. It needs examination.

That the economy has shrunk is obvious to all. That unemployment now exceeds ten percent, if one includes men and women who have stopped seeking work in communities where literally no job opportunities exist, is a fact almost universally recognized. What is not as clear is that what we all had thought to be nationally concerted moves against racial and other discrimination in employment have not been founded in the national conscience but in the simple fact of our earlier economic expansion. With the onset of depression, institutional rigidities—even within labor unions renowned for leadership in the struggle for equality—have restored *de facto* many of the injustices they had overcome *de jure*.

The outstanding example is layoffs under the seniority rule. Under union contracts, those with longest records of employment within a unionized company are the last to be laid off. The most recent entrants are the first to go. And it is among the most recent entrants that ethnic minorities and females are most heavily represented. The previously disadvantaged, from the viewpoint of employment at jobs with decent pay rates, are bunched among the most recently employed.

The result, as unemployment spreads, is that recent gains in anti-discrimination in well-paid employment are virtually eliminated. The opportunity for women, and for members of minority races, to find new private employment at wages sufficient to meet their needs, is simply wiped out. The unions, including the most progressive, will not—indeed, dare not—put the principle of equality above their older members vested interests.

Among these vested interests are pension rights for aging workers which most labor unions have successfully gained in labor-management contracts. Fear that these pension rights will be lost is real and justified. Even corporate executives, during the past twelve months, have found themselves discharged from their posts just before their pensions became legally vested. And the courts, in case after case, have compelled less the rehiring of these executives than the immediate vesting of their full pensions where it has been demonstrated that the purpose of their firing was to void the pension agreement as companies began to be pinched for cash. The same holds true with civil servants. The seniority system is fully vested in our society.

Also, it is among workers with longest employment that union delegates, shop stewards and key union members tend to be concentrated. It is these men and women who built today's unions, or held them together in the bloody disputes of the past. The seniority clause ensures, as a prime purpose, that employees shall not be made jobless because of their role in union organization and conduct. It therefore occasions no surprise that the seniority rule supervenes over almost any other clause in union contracts with management. That it violates the principle of equal opportunity, and thrusts back into permanent poverty many thousands of women and non-white people of both sexes, whom unions believed themselves out of principle to have rescued from that status, is less immediately obvious. But it is true.

Here is the crunch of conscience, and conscience is falling behind the institutional rigidities of organized labor in a time of economic contraction. The essence of the matter is

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whether, in hiring and in layoffs alike, principle is to be put above or below the question of whether labor is a scarce or a surplus commodity. For if labor is scarce, acceptance of the deprived into the ranks of the well-paid labor force calls for the sacrifice of nothing but prejudice. This is no light thing to discard, involving—as it must—recognition of the falsity of one's self-esteem. But prejudice cannot withstand urgency of demand for labor.

In such conditions of the labor market, those in unions which have striven conscientiously against prejudice, in their own ranks as in society at large, have not been faced with insurmountable obstacles. The force of market demand for labor has been with them. Their chosen task—that of imbuing a nation with the elementary concept that difference in ethnicity, sex, or age have no relevance to the economic question—is made all the easier when the demand for labor exceeds supply. It is easier still when the excess of demand for labor over its supply is expected to expand indefinitely.

The happy condition then exists that scruple and reality coincide. The walls of resistance prove puny before the force of demand. Whatever remains of prejudice—and it persists—is by circumstance prevented from taking on the objective form of debarring its victims from at least minimally desirable employment. Reason appears to have conquered unreason. But this is illusion. Some advance has been made, beyond doubt, and to a certain extent cannot be forced back. Yet this advance is as much, if not more, the product of circumstances as of human determination. It has reflected on the part of unions the expectation—now discredited—that built-in stabilizers in the economy ensured persisting growth and stability for society. As such, it expressed a temporary state of social wealth sufficient to permit scraps of principle to be included among society's luxuries.

As wealth declines, and poverty extends, the edifice of principled constructs, embodied in both law and industrial practice, is the first to crumble because it was the last to be built, and because its foundations were passing circumstances instead of permanent perceptions. Those foundations were the expectation—and the brief reality—that society's *usus fructus* would enlarge without interruption and sufficiently to facilitate and encourage migration of the oppressed and the deprived upwards into the ranks of the free and the prospering.

This migration began, and accelerated, at no cost to those who thought themselves already secure. It involved the repartitioning of a social excess. It demanded no self-denial from those well above the margin of subsistence. Much of its encouragement was from the educated, with wholehearted support by some labor unions and their leaders.

To the educated, furthermore, introduction of the previously deprived into the *general* labor force in no way represented a threat in *their* competition for employment. However many new entrants joined the industrial labor force, and whatever their color or sex, they did not jeopardize potential tenureship of professors or teachers and, in fact, increased the markets for medical services, dentistry, legal services and other professions. Within the professions, discrimination was more a barrier to full realization of personal ambitions, principally because of sex, than to actual entry into the community of professionals.

Limitation of entry into the professions was mainly economic in the sense that few could afford graduate and post-graduate education. The minorities question hardly arose. Those who could survive the academic slaughter were, first, those who could afford to subject themselves to it and its risks, and second, those of extraordinary intelligence—regardless of race or sex—or fully skilled in the arcana of passing examinations. These latter especially, the gladiators of academe, were wholly aware of the cash rewards for education.

["THE MORE THINGS CHANGE . . ."]

To minimize statistics without blunting our point, let us look at the lifetime income expectations of males 25 years or older with various levels of educational attainment (the information is from 1968, ungrouped U.S. official data):

Elementary School	
0-7 yr	8 yr
$196,000	258,000
High School	
1-3 yr	4 yr
$294,000	350,000
College	
1-3 yr	4 yr or more
$411,000	586,000

Education is a paying proposition, an entry into the upper income class, not threatened by the intrusion of minorities, and able to afford what it has now begun: acceptance of females into its highest ranks.

Now let us scrutinize the income statistics of whites and non-whites grouped by years of education. Here the data relate to weekly earnings of males in 1973 (see table below).

To a large extent, this manifest disequality stems not from the educational system, nor from within the professions themselves, but from prejudice throughout the population. As the 1974 Economic Report to the President puts it, "The discrimination stemming from the attitudes of white employers, employees, and consumers

Weekly earnings, *Males Aged 35-44; 1973*

Years of Schooling	White	Non-White	% Difference
0-4	150	96	+56.25
5-7	173	149	16.11
8	202	165	22.42
9-11	211	165	27.88
12	231	178	29.78
13-15	265	209	26.79
16	321	241	33.20
over 16	333	284	17.25

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of services resulted in a smaller proportion of blacks entering these occupations [managers, certain professions, etc.]. In some professions–for example medicine, law, and the ministry –blacks were generally restricted to practicing in segregated black markets."

That is, the incomes of educated blacks, well below those of educated whites, were a function of the low incomes of their clients, themselves unable to afford the fees which the white population until recently could pay.

There are additional disequalities which affect not only blacks or persons of Latin American or Indian descent but the population as a whole, women especially. Again, one key is educational attainment.

Among males the unemployment rate in 1962 of those aged 20-34 years was 11.4 percent for those with 8 years of education; 11.2 percent for those with 9-11 years. Men in this age bracket with 12 years of education had a 5.7 percent unemployment experience; with 16 years or more of schooling, 1.9 percent. For men with 8-11 years of school experience, the unemployment rate was six times that of those with four years or more of college; for high school graduates, three times.

Among women in 1962 (in the same age bracket of 20-34 years) unemployment of elementary school graduates was 19 percent higher than for males, at 13.6 percent; for those with 9-11 years in school, 16 percent higher than for males. For women with 12 years of education, the unemployment rate in 1962 had been 7.2 percent (almost one-quarter higher a rate than for men). High as this was, it was only 53 percent of the unemployment rate for women who had not attended high school.

For women with four or more years of college training, the unemployment rate of 1.9 percent in 1962 was identical with that of men of equal years of education. In effect, the unemployment rate among men who lacked high school education was, in 1962, six times that of college graduates; for women similarly situated, it was seven times.

By 1972, things had changed perceptibly. The unemployment rate for male college graduates rose from the 1.9 percent of 1962 to 2.9 percent; for women, from 1.9 percent to 4.0 percent. Female disadvantage was increasing, even at the higher educational levels, and during a year of rising prosperity with industrial output almost 8 percent higher than in the previous year. The advantages of higher education for both men and women, measured by unemployment rates, were diminishing before the depression struck us all. In fact, unemployment among both men and women in the 20-34 years age bracket who had attended high school was 11 percent for men and 14.4 percent for women compared with 10 percent for men with only eight years of schooling and 8.7 percent for women.

As between blacks and whites in general employment, there has been no discernible change whatever in relative unemployment rates over the years. The President's Council of Economic Advisers, in its February 1975 report to the Congress, states bluntly that "The rate of unemployment among blacks has been about double that of whites in the post-World War II period. From 1948 through 1973 the unemployment rate averaged 8.6 percent for blacks and 4.3 percent for whites. Although the black-white differential in earnings has narrowed over the past 20 years, no such narrowing is as evident in the unemployment differential." The same is largely true of men and women of Latin American heritage. In November 1974, the reported unemployment rate for blacks and other non-white races was 11.7 percent, for whites some 5.8 percent–the precise 2-to-1 relative ratio which has persisted since the end of World War II.

This, bear in mind, despite federal and state laws designed to encourage equal opportunity and fair employment practices. And despite genuine efforts by the UAW and the Steelworkers, for example, to actualize the concepts of human equality. Local successes, in the industrial sense, have beyond doubt been achieved. This is not, unhappily, the general case. On the contrary, and despite notable exceptions, things have remained essentially unchanged from the viewpoint of exclusion of non-whites (termed minority groups in the U.S. but an overwhelming majority in the world outside) from equal access to employment in this country. It is in government employments–federal, state, and local–that the most marked advances have been made in the hiring of minority-group members. As of November 30, 1970, so-called minorities were 12.1 percent of the population but 18.9 percent of federal government employees; by May 31, 1972, 12.5 percent of the population and 19.6 percent of federal employees.

Had the federal government not acted deliberately in this manner, the ratio of unemployment of non-whites versus whites would have been on the *increase instead of remaining on its* miserable, steady-state plateau of 2-to-1 for non-whites compared with whites. Outside government, the tendency was for what we term colored persons to be *increasingly* debarred from general civilian employment.

For the most part–and again with discernible exceptions–claims of advance towards equality of opportunity in employment have been mere mouthings. Legislation towards equality was espoused and enacted. It did not affect the realities appreciably. Its enactment contained *something* of conscience. Principally, it *mollified* conscience. What was made mandatory in law did not become true in fact. What was thought to have been gained was not gained. And of the advances which were made, most have vanished as industrial activity has dwindled.

The whites have made no sacrifices towards the non-white, the men none towards the women. They have conceded what they could well afford, nothing whose pinch they felt. Society has displayed no massive shift in conviction for which it would practice self-denial without reluctance.

[THE OVERTIME OPTION]

These issues are highly complex, their necessary treatment equally so. Take, for example, the question of overtime. A simple–and accurate–statement can be made with respect to it. It is that while one person capable of working is without a job, except voluntarily, overtime should be banned in all industrial, commercial, and professional establishments. This is easier to say than to do, and for a jumble of reasons.

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What are these reasons? Among them is the desire (greed?) of workmen to get time-and-a-half or double time for overtime and weekend work. This is understandable, but not morally acceptable as long as significant unemployment exists among non-whites or women—for that matter among anybody.

From the corporate viewpoint, overtime working is welcome for more subtle reasons which, nevertheless, boil down to greed. Productivity tends to decline as the working day lengthens, limiting corporate gains from working their employees overtime. This, however, is offset by two factors: one, the manic obsession of managements with maximizing volume when demand is high; two, that despite increased wear and tear on tools and equipment, a greater physical output is obtained per unit of capital equipment (and investment) than when working the standard week. Reported profits are enlarged because the unit burdens of depreciation and amortization charges are reduced. This is especially true in such industries as autos, where annual model changes limit the duration of physical usefulness of productive equipment, especially of metal-forming machines. The greater the output in any model year, the lower the relative capital consumption charge per unit of output.

Perhaps this explains why the Autoworkers, in their 1972 contract, accepted employer demands that no union member, except for reasons of health, could refuse to work overtime before his workweek had reached 57 hours. Shade of Samuel Gompers and his fight for the 40-hour week!

When this contract clause was accepted, it became immediately obvious that the potential number of production employees in automotives had been decreased by 15 percent. That is, equivalent unemployment had been imposed upon those still out of work, principally the already disadvantaged. Moreover, because personal income taxes rise on a graduated scale of income received, not even the whole of the overtime pay accrued to the employees. Those deprived of employment by this overtime working received nothing—except welfare or unemployment benefits. Those working overtime received, on a net basis, a progressively smaller portion of their wages as their weekly wages rose at overtime rates.

Perhaps one approach to this question is to tax the profits of corporations on a graduated scale if they work their employees overtime while minorities or others are out of work. A second, designed to stiffen the backbones of unions to demand a maximum 40-hour working week with adequate weekly pay, is to increase their personal income tax rates in some proportion to the overtime pay they have worked in one or more weeks.

There are many technical ways in which overtime alongside unemployment can be discouraged. What is clear is that, even in good times, the problem of employment for minorities, and others who suffer society's prejudices, has not even been tackled in earnest. Instead, such injurious practices as compulsory contractual overtime obligations work directly against the expunging of prejudice.

[COMPLETE REAPPRAISAL]

One need not extrapolate race wars as the depression deepens and unemployment rises. It is not necessary to seek out the gloomiest of predictions. For the realities, even before the depression, were gruesome enough, and nothing appreciable was done about them. What is needed, instead, is a reappraisal of the whole set of industrial relations with respect to employment practices, with the possibility of the introduction of variable practices inverse to the state of demand for labor.

A body of national laws and regulations is required. If total employment falls, the general working week must be cut for all industries, whether or not some among them have full employment, in order that none shall be unemployed. And if this requires government wage subsidies, or a negative income tax, this can be financed by a capital levy on personal wealth beyond some acceptably high minimum of assets.

Every man and woman in the United States is entitled to a job at weekly pay sufficient for basic needs plus some small surplus. In a society as unstable as ours today, nobody is entitled to more.

To think in this direction is to think towards a radical restructuring of the society and towards the outlawing of all practices which, directly or indirectly, deliberately or by oversight, permit continuance of the chronic and evil disequalities by which we are now characterized.

First among the needed changes is eradication of private pension plans (including the Keogh plan) whether corporate, union, or personal. Provision of pensions is a social responsibility, and should not be in the province of corporations or unions. Social pensions should be much higher than they are today, and should extend to every retiree in equal amounts whatever differences there might be in their wage or salary levels.

Those who retired ten years ago should get the same monthly pensions as those who retired one year ago. And no pensioner should receive more than any other, whatever his or her lifetime earnings or industrial or professional status. And no social pension plan should be contributory except in the ordinary course of income taxation.

Not only would this be a start towards income equality, it would also remove one prime reason why unions fight to maintain the seniority clause, i.e., why they in fact engage in prejudicial practices which many of them hope to eliminate in principle.

Equally, union-management agreements for extended wage payments during protracted unemployment must be illegalized. Such practices *add* to society's discriminatory evils, setting individual groups of workmen against the rest. Instead, unemployment compensation must be increased in amount, made uniform in all the states of the union, be financed solely out of federal tax revenues, and be paid for the full time that a man or a woman is involuntarily out of a job.

The issue is whether the nation is prepared to accept responsibility for the elimination of discrimination, for full insurance against basic poverty, and for elimination (at least, for a major narrowing) of differential wage and salary scales as between employment and of differential pension payments which favor the affluent while society's urgent need is to relieve the indigent.

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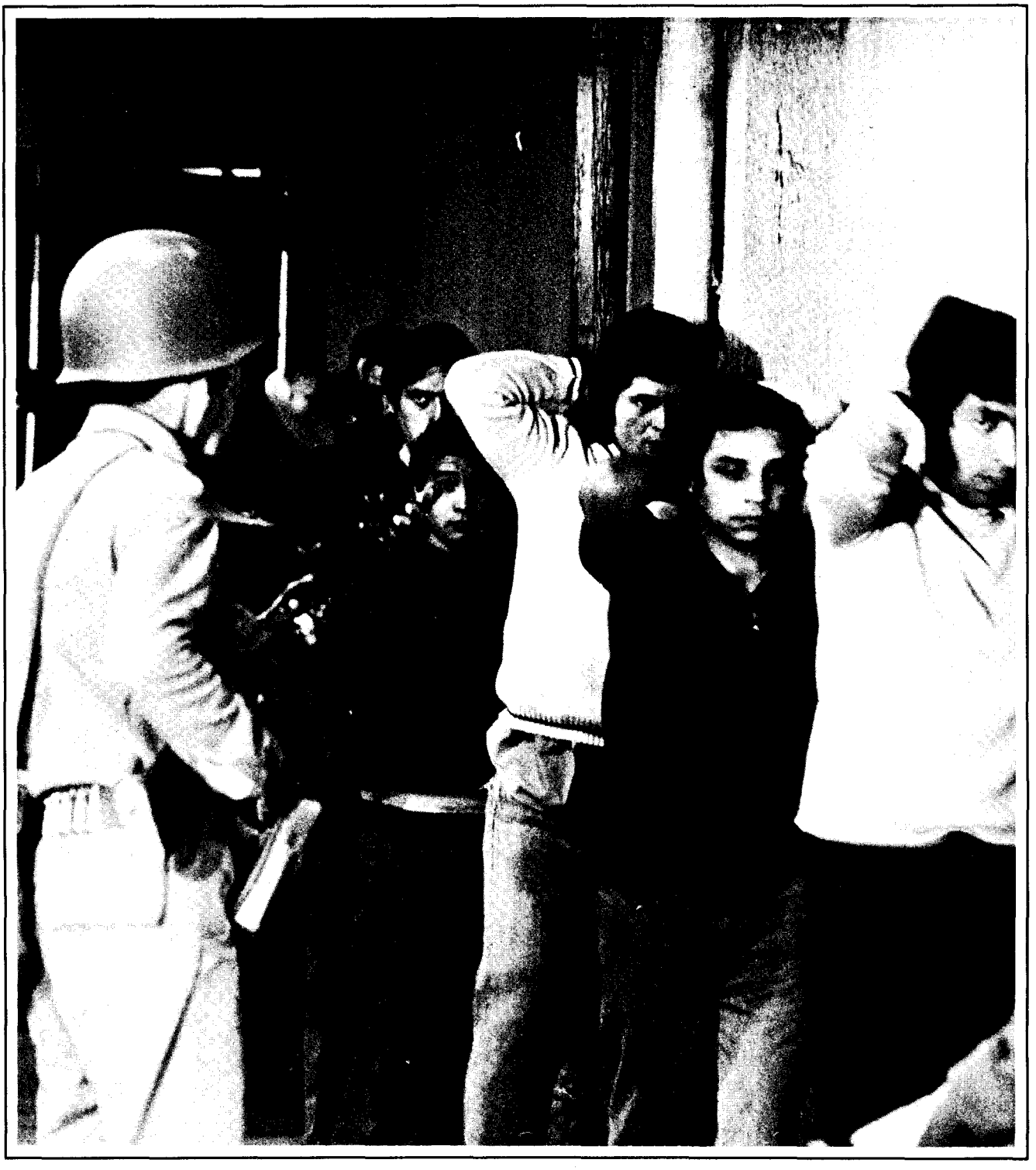

Chile

"The Spain of Our Generation"

by Rose Styron

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"A reign of terror seldom equaled in modern history has been unleashed on the people of Chile, a country clearly within *our* 'sphere of influence'. Are we not obligated to anathemize the Junta, to insist on basic human rights?"

Easter, 1975. A year and a half since the violent right-wing coup in Chile established a military dictatorship. A year since Cardinal Silva, who had tried months earlier to use the authority of the Church to make peace, and then, after the coup, to remain apolitical, denounced the Junta for its brutality:

> *We have warned that violence can only engender violence. We have urged the authorities to consider that the principles of respect for man must not be transgressed, that the rights of man are sacred and may not be violated by anybody. We have not been listened to. And so we are now weeping the pain of a father who watches his family being destroyed.*

A reign of terror seldom equaled in modern history has been unleashed on the people of Chile. Out of a population of 10.5 million, some 40,000 have been executed or died under torture; 200,000 have been arrested, jailed, and cruelly interrogated; countless have disappeared; 300,000 have lost their jobs for politically-related reasons; 60 percent of the people are living at a subsistence level, a large proportion of them starving as inflation soars. There are 30,000 orphans in need of care. In addition, 25,000 students and nearly 30 percent of the professors have been dismissed from the universities, each of which now has a military director, a military-shaped curriculum. Hundreds of students are in prison, sentenced because they were campus leaders or supported Allende during his presidency. Professors and young teachers from preparatory schools who lectured on Marxism *during Allende's time* receive arbitrary prison sentences of up to 30 years.

Long before a victim comes to trial the nightmare begins. (According to Ramsey Clark and other international legal observers, the trials are a charade: lawyers are allowed to meet their clients only a few hours, sometimes only a few minutes, before the secretly scheduled hearings; they are permitted neither to call witnesses nor to mention a client's torture or forced confessions.) The reports of survivors, of refugees, of foreign doctors and labor leaders and clergy and jurists who have visited Chile to investigate the plight of their professional colleagues, of Human Rights Commissions from the UN and the OAS and Amnesty International, corroborate details of the ordeal. People may be picked up on the street at any hour by soldiers or by the infamous DINA (Direccion de Intelligencia Nacional—a plainclothes squad, some of whose leaders have taken instruction from Brazilians trained in the U.S.). If seized at home, they may be forced to watch their possessions destroyed, their family abused, or shot or led away.

The man, or woman, or their thousandth counterpart, is hastened to one of a dozen interrogation centers and held incommunicado for weeks or months, tortured physically and mentally, grossly and subtly, as a matter of routine. The instruments and techniques of torture are so standardized now that it is hardly necessary to describe them in detail. Wiring of the genitals and sensitive parts of the face and body to electric generators, dousing the bound prisoner with water and delivering prolonged and repeated shock, is standard practice. So are all manner of beatings, while the victim is tightly shackled, hung from pegs and bars, immersed in barrels of hot or icy liquids or in excrement-filled plastic bags, even stretched on medieval racks. So is confinement, naked and sleepless, in cold cells, with extreme sensory deprivation, and drug injections followed by the playing of tapes of loved ones screaming or pleading. There are special tortures for women: multiple rape; the thrusting of rods or bottles or mice or spiders into their vaginas; deranging drugs and electroshock and blows to the uterus of the pregnant; the forcible removal of their children, the threats and witnessing of husbands and children being tortured, killed. Chilean prisons are full of adolescents who suffer the same brutality as their elders. And now, according to the International Commission of Jurists's Report on Chile, camps are being set up in which 600,000 youngsters will be forcibly re-educated.

It sounds like the days of Hitler, and surely the Nazi influence in Chile cannot be discounted. Renowned previously for a tradition of non-partisan loyalty, the military has had German-type training. The Ambassador to the United Nations, Admiral Huerta, who spent time in Germany before World War II, has parried accusations of fascism leveled at Pinochet's regime with retorts such as "If by fascism you mean a strong government, yes, we are fascists." Rumors of ex-Nazis directing DINA operations and Pinochet's prison procedures are legion. The name which crops up most often is Walter Rauf, once head of the SS in northern Italy.

Americans must be concerned, for Chile is clearly in *our* sphere of influence. Without direct or indirect U.S. encouragement, the right-wing military could not have carried out the coup against Allende. How extensively the U.S. government was involved in the coup itself is yet to be revealed. But, considering past U.S. incursions in Indochina, in the Dominican Republic, in Brazil, Guatemala, Greece, Indonesia, South Africa and Uruguay—and, one fears, in Portugal—we Americans who still believe that a democratic nation should not interfere in another nation's internal

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political struggles are confused, and deeply troubled. Is Chile perhaps the Spain of this generation?

Before the coup, in early 1973, Kissinger assured the press on several occasions, that the United States had never interfered in Chile and never would, because Chile's politics were "an internal matter." Yet if indeed we have intervened in Chile to confer power on a government which in the most obscene way is clearly violating human rights, are we not obligated to intervene again, not by force but by pressure, to assure the reinstatement of those rights? As Nobel Prize recipient George Wald pointed out last February in Mexico City, "human rights are never an internal matter."

[REUNION OF THE SURVIVORS]

Wald was addressing the third session of the International Commission of Enquiry into the Crimes of the Military Junta in Chile. Two previous meetings of the Commission, held in Helsinki and Copenhagen in 1974, had listened to tales of anguish from refugees streaming into Europe from Chile. (The Bertrand Russell Tribunal had also held hearings, in Rome and then in Brussels.) But the Conference in Mexico City was the first in Latin America. Hosted by Allende's great friend and admirer, President Luis Echeverria, its intent was to assess the current situation in Chile; to explore the character of the Pinochet regime; to review Chile's destruction of social, economic, cultural, and judicial rights; to highlight the persecution of youth; to discuss ways to hasten the end of repression; and to capture the attention of the world press with vivid, personal testimony.

A number of Allende's top aides—those who had not died mysteriously in prison, like General Bachelet, or under torture like the gentle Jose Tohá—were present. Recently permitted to exchange permanent imprisonment for exile as part of the Junta's attempt to recast its international image. Allende's aides had received invitations to settle in Venezuela, Rumania, Sweden, Australia, Italy, Russia, France, Mexico; but not the United States. It was their first reunion, and they were obviously delighted to be alive and together. The affection with which they greeted each other and fellow survivors of Tres Alamos, Tejas Verdes, Chacobuco, Dawson Island, Ritoque, Tacna Barracks, the Air Force Academy of War and several secret interrogation centers gave all of us at the Conference an air of hope, a sense of the human spirit triumphant, even when their very grim personal experiences were being shared.

The opening ceremony of the Conference was held in the Palace of Fine Arts, an elegant, domed structure graced by opera and inaugurations. The aisles and balconies were jammed, the air was festive with anticipation as we waited for the Conference to open. On the dais members of the Commission and key participants from around the world spoke animatedly with one another. Present in the audience were writers such as Carlos Fuentes, Mexico's new Ambassador to Paris; Gabriel Garcia Marquez, who had left his native Colombia for Barcelona and London where he wrote informed, impassioned pieces on Chile; and Argentine-born Julio Cortazar, whose books are now banned by the Junta. James Petras, whose new book on Latin America is nearly complete, the painter Matta, and

Liaison Photos

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Amy Conger, the young blond Chicago art teacher who had suffered brutality and witnessed torture in a Chilean Air Force prison last October were there, as was Harold Edelstam, Sweden's aristocratic ambassador to Chile who during the coup had welcomed anyone who needed asylum and encouraged other consuls to do likewise. (The American Embassy refused; those U.S. citizens it turned away either found sanctuary elsewhere or were picked up by the military and taken to the huge stadium-turned-detention center, where they became witnesses to xenophobic savagery—a few like young Frank Teruggi and Charles Horman, were brutally beaten, tortured, and killed. The Administration in Washington made no protest. In fact, Harry Shlaudeman, the deputy in charge of the Embassy, was recently appointed as ambassador to Venezuela.) Near Edelstam was Armando Uribe, former Chilean ambassador to China who was key in distributing the Black Book, which countered the Junta's White Book. Beside him sat Pedro Vuscovic, the economist whose release from his Mexican Embassy sanctuary had been engineered by President Echeverria just before Mexico broke off diplomatic relations with Chile last December.

Near Vuscovic, Clodomiro Almeyda and Orlando Letelier spoke earnestly together. In the last summer of the Unidad Popular Letelier had returned from Washington to serve Allende as Minister of Defense. Having received General Pinochet's pledges of loyalty to Allende again and again (even on the very afternoon before the coup), Letelier was to refer to the President of Chile as "a genius of treason." Almeyda, a sociologist and Allende's respected Minister of Foreign Affairs, had spent almost sixteen months in various concentration camps and prisons before international pressure spearheaded by the UN secured his release. Then Carlos Altamirano, Secretary General of Allende's Socialist Party, appeared from the wings. Altamirano, despite billing as the most hunted man in Chile, had escaped through Cuba to Europe. And toward a seat in the center of the stage, all eyes upon her, regal and smiling, being kissed on the cheek by one delegate after another, walked Allende's widow Hortensia.

The Mexican Army band began to play the national anthem. Everyone took their places and stood peering toward the rear of the Palace as President Echeverria, followed by his generals in full dress uniform, marched down the aisle and mounted the stage. The generals peeled off to right and left and reappeared in the loges, standing at attention while the President kissed Senora Allende, welcomed the assembled crowd, offered the exiled government of Chile his sympathy and support, posed for the cameramen, and bowed graciously to the applause and shouts of his admirers. The Conference was underway.

[CHILE ON THE RACK]

Jacob Soderman, the chairman of the Conference and a member of Parliament from Finland, introduced Clodomiro Almeyda, who recalled the agony of watching democracy die and the need for international solidarity to bring freedom and justice back to "eternal Chile. . . . Not the Chile of boots and bayonets, or barbed wire fences and concentration camps, but rather . . . the Chile which

Orlando Letelier, former Chilean Defense Minister

UPI photos

ESTIGADORA DE LOS CRIMENES DE LA JUNTA MILITAR EN CHILE

The Tribunal Jury; left to right: Jesus Reyes Heroles, Head of Mexican PRI party; Luis Beltran Prieto Figuera of Venezuela; Jacob Soderman of Finland; Hans Goran Franck of Sweden; and Friederich Karl Kaus of East Germany.

Alejandro Stuart

Demonstration of support for the third anniversary of

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'sident of Mexico Luis Echeverria and Mrs. Salvador Allende.

UPI

Liason

Gladys Marin, former Sec. Gen. of the Young Chilean Communist Party (JJCC).

Top left: Carlos Altamirano, former Secretary of Unidad Popular. Top right: Mrs. Anna Maria Morgano.

ende's Unidad Popular government, Sept. 4, 1973.

scorns those who sell their services for a handful of dollars spread about by the CIA, which does not tolerate the burning of books or the inquisition of minds. . . ."

Among the non-Chilean speakers to follow was Stepan Shalayev, Secretary of the Central Council of the Soviet Trade Union. He spoke softly of Russia's fraternity with the people of Chile—Russia, too, had broken diplomatic relations. Though the junta had released a few prisoners, Shalayev reminded us that many more remained in jails and the conscience of humanity should not rest. The irony of Gulag Archipelago escaped few in the audience. Pham Van Bach of Vietnam took the microphone to roaring chants of VIET-NAM, VIET-NAM. The generals sat, impassive. More speeches, more applause, and the first session was over. We walked through the Palace doors into the warm sunshine to the Hotel del Prado, where copies of that day's *Excelsior* carrying front page interviews and color photographs of the sessions' stars were being hawked. Mexico's newspapers were to cover fully each day's meetings.

It was at the Hotel del Prado that the serious business of the Conference proceeded. In the four long days of testimony in del Prado's Salon de las Candiles there was never enough time to hear a Chilean's story, or to ask questions

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An Interview With Carmen Castillo

"Suddenly, without warning, two weeks before they killed him, Miguel spoke to me of death."

Miguel Enriquez, Secretary General of the Movement of the Revolutionary Left (MIR) of Chile, was killed on October 5, 1974 while fighting against the fascist forces that assaulted him in his house in Santiago. Carmen Castillo, his comrade, who was six months pregnant, fought at his side until a burst of machine-gun fire ripped her arm apart. A vast international movement of solidarity succeeded in rescuing her at the very doors of the torture chambers.

In London, where she gave birth to a son who died within a few weeks, this beautiful, intelligent, and courageous 29-year-old woman is at this moment suffering the blow of another misfortune: Her brother, Christian Castillo, also a MIR militant, has been arrested in Santiago and subjected to the most atrocious tortures.

Carmen Castillo had refused to reveal the details of her experience up until she decided to relate them to me.

I interviewed her in a torrential four-hour conversation that provided me with the abundant raw material which has allowed me to establish the essence of her story. It was at that time I asked her to dictate into a tape recorder her story in her own words. The terrible pages which follow are the outcome.—Gabriel Garcia Marquez

by Gabriel Garcia Marquez

We had everything ready to move to a more secure place on the following Monday when DINA agents took us by surprise and murdered Miguel. Although it may seem strange, this was the only domestic scare we had in many months of clandestine activities since the coup. Miguel had discovered that there can be no better cover than everyday life, so we carried on what appeared to be a very normal existence while dedicated to the intense political work the party had assigned to us.

It was a large house with a living room, two bedrooms, a large room which we used as a study, and a small patio with a little room in the back where we kept the weapons.

It was a very nice and pleasant neighborhood, with a mixture of skilled workers and the average bourgeoisie. No one could have imagined at that moment that Miguel was the man most wanted by the Chilean dictatorship. It never occurred to them precisely because we never attempted to hide ourselves. At first, when we arrived, we had explained to the neighbors that Miguel worked at home because he suffered from a kidney disease. I went out to shop every day at the hour when the housewives did their shopping and took advantage of this to make contacts and collect information that came to us from all levels of the party. For several months Miguel's two daughters, Jimena and Camila, lived with us, but we taught them to relate to us in such a way that no one could actually find out who we actually were. Fortunately, a few days before Miguel's death we had taken the precaution of getting them asylum in an embassy so that they might leave the country. I was then six months pregnant and this was another detail working in our favor, as it is difficult to imagine that a pregnant woman would be involved in such intense and risky political work. The only thing that Miguel did was shave off his mustache, curl his hair a little, and wear glasses when he left the house. He drove the same white Fiat 124 as always, but his driver's license was false and under an assumed name.

The problem was that we both were under the obligation to go armed. On one occasion, during the last few months when persecutions had become more intense, Miguel and I suddenly found ourselves in the middle of Santiago in front of a military barricade that was screening passers-by. The personal documents we carried would have passed, but not the weapons. We prepared ourselves because either we would not be searched and could pass through, or we would be forced to shoot our way through—there weren't any other alternatives. Suddenly, instinctively, the two of us had the same reaction: we made a warm gesture to the soldiers, we greeted them as friends, as though we were their partisans. We passed through without being bothered, among five cars and I don't know how many vans full of *Carabineros* with machine guns answered our salutations.

As soon as the girls had left, the party decided that Miguel should take even more precautions, and that he should not assume any other duties that could lead to dangerous confrontations, so that Miguel might dedicate

Photo courtesy Natl. Coord. Center in Solidarity with Chile

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himself solely to analyzing information and editing necessary documents. His principal task therefore was to analyze and to reflect upon the activities of the party. He studied in depth the world economic crisis, the history of Latin America, and the situation of Chile in relation to the rest of the world. At times he would spend entire afternoons absorbed in the *Encyclopedia Britannica,* or crawling around the floor over an enormous map of the world. In the meantime, out on the street I obtained important information from the party's base sent to us through other militants. Whenever I returned with these papers, it was the tensest time of the day, because upon opening those briefcases we found ourselves face to face with reality—the in-depth political discussions, and the thinking of the party's base detailed right there on paper.

It is strange, but Miguel never spoke of death, in spite of the fact that he knew that death was lying in wait for him. He had a great love for life and as a doctor he knew that good health and physical fitness were fundamental to revolutionary struggle. For this reason he did gymnastics for an hour every morning, and made me do them with him. Afterwards we would always eat a good breakfast. He liked to eat well, he knew good wines and he always found a little free time to listen to music on our dilapidated record player. He loved Latin American folk music, he liked tangos, and some of Wagner's pieces, although he was able to listen only to those records we had there, which were very few. Friends who came to visit us often stayed to eat with us and sometimes stayed the night; but they were always members of the political commission of the party and the conversations were about political work.

Suddenly, without warning, two weeks before they killed him, Miguel spoke to me one night about death. It's curious, because I myself had not known what he had been thinking. That night I came to know that Miguel was not afraid of death; however he was determined not to go and seek it out. He did not believe in useless sacrifices. This should be made very clear: Miguel Enriquez did not want to die as he did at the age of 30. He wanted to fight to win, not to lose. He knew what he wanted to do, what he wanted in the end to carry out, and he was convinced that his task would be of greater importance after victory. He was aware of his capacity for leadership in the left as well as his intellectual ability. Everyone was aware of this. For this very reason he himself felt it was his duty to remain alive.

The battle in which they killed Miguel took place on Saturday, October 5. For several weeks we were aware that something was wrong, something we couldn't clearly discern, but which made us want to change houses immediately. The well-aimed blows of the dictatorship against our militants showed that they had definite leads—concrete information. Perhaps someone had talked. In view of this I located a tiny two-room house with a small piece of land and lots of fruit trees and hens that made it less suspicious. It was hidden away in a very calm area where we could have lived for a long time without being discovered. Nevertheless, a series of unforeseen obstacles made us lose precious time. On Thursday Oct. 3, I located the person who was to have bought the house in our name, but the contact fell through. On Friday I couldn't find anything suitable. On Saturday I went out again, leaving Miguel working in the house with some other comrades of the party.

I didn't find anything in the morning and on my way home I stopped in the corner store to buy food. At one o'clock, when I entered the house loaded down with groceries, I found Miguel in his blue shirt, with a beige vest and the glasses he always wore for going out in the street. "We have to leave right away," he told me calmly but firmly. He explained to me that two cars, undoubtedly DINA cars, had passed very slowly in front of the house. Our suspicions that the hide-out had been discovered were being confirmed and we could not lose a second.

Everything was ready for us to escape, the car running in the garage with all our belongings inside except two briefcases of papers that were still in the bedroom. Two other comrades, Humberto Sotomayor and "Coño" Molina were also still inside the house. We were headed towards the garage when one of them leaned out of the window and screamed, "They're coming again." It was only then that we realized they were coming down on top of us, so much so that we barely had time to grab our weapons before a burst of machine-gun fire swept across the front of the house. With the Naca that he always kept next to the bed, Miguel answered their fire from a living room window. The other two fired from mobile positions. I fired from the bedroom with a very small Scorpio machine-gun. My training had been theoretical so that the very noise of my weapon took me aback. I fired towards the street without seeing anyone, as if we were fighting against a ferocious but invisible enemy. Suddenly, after about ten minutes of intense gunfire, the shooting stopped and Miguel signaled urgently from the door that we should escape through the patio. I then grabbed one of the briefcases, the one that had the documents received the day before and that I was responsible for protecting. At that moment I felt an explosion, a deathlike blow, and I felt my right arm being torn off. I saw it hanging without being able to feel it, moving by itself and bathed in blood. A grenade thrown from the street had exploded in the living room and its fragments had shattered my arm and wounded my entire body. At the moment that I fell to the floor, however, I felt neither pain nor fear but the sharp sensation that I was already dead. Molina passed by me, continuously firing towards the street door and screamed "you're hit," or something like that. I tried to sit up, but couldn't do it. And it was then that I saw Miguel down on the floor in the passageway between the house and the garage. He was on his back with his machine-gun in his hand, blood on both cheekbones, but especially the left one. His eyes were bright, he looked at me the whole time, breathing with difficulty. To see him in such a state was so terrible for me that I lost consciousness.

In the confusion it was impossible to know what happened to Molina and Sotomayor. But when I regained consciousness I was lucid enough to realize immediately that Miguel and I were the only two people left in the house. I couldn't manage to get up, but I saw that he had taken cover up against one of the walls of the garage, still bleeding from his cheeks. He was firing towards the street with a great deal of serenity. Before I lost consciousness for

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the second time, the last memory I have of him is of his face bending over mine, saying something to me that I could not understand.

I don't know how much time went by before I regained consciousness, but the fascist government itself has said that the battle with Miguel lasted almost two hours. The first thing that struck me was the absolute silence of the empty house. Nothing hurt and, although I could not sit up, I had the strange certainty that I was not going to die. So much so that when the first two policemen tore down the front door and came rushing into the silent house, I felt a mixture of terror and relief. I said to myself, "'Shit, they are going to take me out of here and I will probably go on living." One of them jumped on top of me and socked me in the face, breaking one of my teeth. He screamed at me, "What the fuck are you doing here? You are Jimena." But the other one ordered him to leave me alone. "This woman is pregnant!" he screamed at him. "Get her out of here!" I remember that they then dragged me to the street giving contradictory orders, to bring an ambulance, not to bring an ambulance and yes to bring it. There was a crowd at both ends of the street. There were many police cars, a lot of noise from the sirens, and they continued to shoot at the house, which made me think that Miguel was alive and still resisting.

When they finally put me in an ambulance I felt an almost irrational urgency to get somewhere—anywhere—but fast. Nevertheless the two policemen who got in with me couldn't agree on my fate—one wanted to take me to jail, the other to the hospital. The latter won out. The sight of the doctors and nurses was like a new breath of life; my only thought from that point on was to make sure that someone got out the news that I was alive, since we had had the experience of other comrades being declared dead by the military long before they were killed in the torture chambers. In the first fraction of a second that I was alone with the nurse who was giving me a blood transfusion I quickly told her: "Notify my uncle Jaime Castillo," and I gave her his telephone number. She did it and that telephone call saved my life. The news set off throughout the entire world a movement of international solidarity whose pressure ended up by overwhelming the Military Junta. Nevertheless, in those long days in the hospital, I was not aware of the fact that so many unknown friends were worried about my fate. At the end of countless hours of interrogations, of disputes between the henchmen who tried to drag information out of me by force, and the doctors who took care of me; after a difficult operation to try to rehabilitate my arm which is still of no use to me; after the terrible news of Miguel's death that was communicated to me in the hospital, and my anxiety about the fate of his child that was beginning to move in my womb; after so many nights of solitude and horror, a colonel showed up who made me sign a lot of papers. Trembling with fury, he took me to the airport and put me on an airplane without even telling me where I was going. In the middle of the flight someone told me we were coming here, to London.

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of him or her afterwards. The five-language sessions which began after breakfast lasted twice until midnight, with European and North American guests adding information from the podium or asking questions from the floor.

We listened to Orlando Letelier recapitulate in detail the events of Allende's term, culminating in the coup. He analyzed the leaders, discussed his arrest and interrogation with 35 other UP leaders and their removal to Antarctic Dawson Island, where the Junta sought their physical and psychological breakdown by making them lug heavy sacks of stones endlessly through the sand in the heavy rain and snow and watch the tortures of 120 14-to-18-year-old boys from Punta Arenas. From Dawson Letelier was taken, blackhooded and bound, to a succession of secret interrogation cells around Santiago.

We heard Luis Corvalon's son speak of his own months in the Chacobuco Camp. (Corvalon, head of the Communist Party, had been refused release despite UN requests.) Young Luis Alberto Corvalon described vividly his ordeal which began in October 1973. Hooded continuously during torture, questioned insanely as to the whereabouts of his father (who they had arrested a month earlier) he finally saw the twelve men who had beaten him senseless, revived him with water and electroshock, and beaten him again, when they got worried and removed his hood. Still on the floor, still wired all over, he was bleeding profusely from the eyes and ears and skull as well as the body. After his last seven-hour session he could not move. Three youths were ordered to remove him; his fellow inmates nursed him; he survived, although he still experiences recurring dizziness. Later, in the concentration camp at Chacobuco, he read of his "confessions of conspiracy." He had been subjected to jail and torture for eleven months to obtain a declaration against his father or the Unidad Popular.

A later speaker—Benjamin Teplitsky, a leader of the Radical Party, exiled to Israel—told of seeing the elder Corvalon push a wheelbarrow with 35 kilos of stone at Dawson, be thrown into a solitary dungeon, only to be prodded awake by guns to work even more. When in freezing May, Pinochet agreed to evacuate Allende's ministers from Dawson, the sick and the old were made to walk with everyone else the 24 snow-covered kilometers to the airplanes that would carry them to different prisons.

I had hoped to meet Senator Hugo Miranda in Mexico City: he had just been released and sent to Venezuela, but his papers were not in order in time for him to come. And I had hoped to see Carmen Castillo. Like the horribly tortured Jorge Montes, who I'd learned at lunch was incommunicado again, and Fernando Flores who, due to leave for a university post in California, was rearrested, Carmen Castillo had been the object of intense concern. When MIR leader Miguel Enriquez was shot to death she, bearing his child, had been wounded. In the hospital she was kicked in the abdomen, sexually abused and given drug injections before she was sent to her father in London. I knew that she had borne a son there. I did not know that her baby had suffered brain damage and had died when a few weeks old. Doctors had insisted that she not come to Mexico, but have her unhealed arm operated on immediately in hopes of improving its ability to function.

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[AGONY, AND A MOMENT OF PEACE]

One session was devoted to Chilean women: Elba Vergara, Allende's secretary; while he was Senator Angela Bachelet, the general's widow; Moy Tohá, a minister's widow; Ana Maria Morgado, widow of a Radicalist; Communist youth organizer and parliamentarian Gladys Marin; and hospital director Lina Benitez. They told their husband's stories, and their own. I shall never forget Elba Vergara's description of being made responsible, again and again, for the lives of children and young men she knew. Her 15 heavily armed DINA captors, after dragging her away in pajamas from her already-ransacked house, questioned her ruthlessly about Allende's secrets. Once when she refused to answer, they took her to a building and showed her a three-year-old, dangled by his feet from a 19th story window. "Tell us, or we'll drop him," they warned her. The child's mother, Elba's friend, shook her head from the window, and Elba remained silent. Later, blindfolded in a prison where she could hear the DINA rape women and torture them till they screamed like strange animals, and where she underwent daily seven-hour interrogation sessions without breaking, her tormentors finally said that because she was so tough they would take her to their "theater," "the little blue room."

There her eye-bandage was removed and she was left alone in a room one end of which was lit with low blue lamps. Four men came in, bearing a cot with a sheet-covered figure. "Sit down," one ordered. "You're going to see a performance by a bad actor, an actor who has forgotten his part. Help him remember it." They uncovered a body entirely purple, missing a foot. "Come closer," another ordered. "Look at him. You'll know him." And she did. It was 27-year-old "El Gordo" Toledo, with whom she had been 20 days before. He could hardly speak, or scream, any more. When Elba maintained that she did not know him, they said, "Let's see"—they pulled out his nails, cut off his remaining ear, cut out his tongue, gouged out his eyes, and killed him slowly as she watched, thinking, "he could be my son." Then they brought another "actor," 26-year-old Eduard Muñoz. It took them five hours to kill him, under her eyes. It was worse than any pain they could have inflicted on her, she said. Later she was forced to watch while her cellmates—aged 16, 17, and 40, nude and drugged, were directed to perform an erotic dance before they were raped. Another girl, back from a dreaded torture center, and pregnant, was so crazy that each time she awoke she screamed that her only desire was for her child to be born so she could kill it. Elba concluded with words of praise for the women of Chile, for their values, their will, their continuing belief in love and humanity. The room, for once, was silent.

Elba Vergara was small and sturdy, with black hair and flashing eyes and a wry smile that matched her wit. By her admission, she had been a militant for 39 of her 51 years. Angela Jerra de Bachelet, on the other hand, was tall and slender, her chiseled beauty almost fragile. When she discussed the DINA's arrest of her daughter (a medical student: the medical profession has been singled out, often, for barbaric treatment) and herself, the trip to the torture center, the attempts to break her psychologically, her abandonment, eyes taped shut, to a solitary windowless cell for many days and nights, the impression was one of delicate restraint. She spoke of the filth, the constant hunger and thirst, the bad-smelling, constantly manacled prisoners with dirty blindfolds and clothes whose color, after months of incarceration, was undeterminable. She spoke, too, of the "drowned cries" of men and women, their mouths stuffed with towels, tied nude and spread-eagled to an "electric grill" for shock treatment: at first she thought the cries were from wounded dogs or cats.

Ana Maria Morgado, much younger than Angela and Elba, was angry. She asked for action. She and her three small children were refugees in Sweden (Elba had gone to Mexico, Angela to Australia). Her husband Patricio had been arrested twice, savagely interrogated twice, declared innocent twice and freed. While he was recovering, he was arrested a third time, and disappeared. Three desperate months of search and questioning produced no information. During Christmas, a poor farmer entered her father-in-law's watch repair shop with a timepiece he recognized as his son's. Following the terrified farmer home, he learned that the watch had been stolen from a corpse near the Rio Nuble. Father and daughter-in-law picked their way through a dozen horribly mutilated bodies until they recognized Patricio. The death certificate they obtained from the criminal court of Chillan stated the cause of death as "acute anemia with multiple bullet holes."

One could quote testimony almost forever. Professor Kaul drew precise parallels between Nazi Germany in 1933 (he was a prisoner at Dachau) and Chile in 1973. Armando Uribe spoke on the CIA. Jim Petras analyzed the Chilean economy and its historic dependence on the U.S. Career soldier Jaime Conteras discussed cadet savagery toward prisoners. Youth leader Antonio Leal recounted a year among young martyrs in the concentration camps. Oregon attorney Joe Morray described the incompetence of the tribunals.

* * *

The last evening, I was lucky enough to be invited to a midnight party at the home of folksinger Angel Parra, newly arrived from Chacobuco. There was a fine Chilean buffet, during which MAPU leader Insulza, who now works in Rome, played the thoughtful host because Parra and Letelier had not arrived. When they did, the guests, young and old, gathered in the cozy living room, took off their shoes, and sat on the floor. Angel Parra and Orlando Letelier, sharing a guitar, strummed old Chilean favorites, and sang love songs and told funny stories from their prison days. Almeyda, Corvalon, Teplitsky, Hortensia Allende, and other Chileans joined in. I thought of the latest urgent appeals for mine chief David Silberman, jailed, missing; and Dr. Von Schowen, paralyzed, still under torture. Yet, the mood for a moment was peace. Who wanted to go home?

Rose Styron is on the board of Amnesty International and has written for Ms., *the* New Republic *and the* New York Review of Books. *Her most recent book of poems is* Thieves Afternoon *(Viking).*

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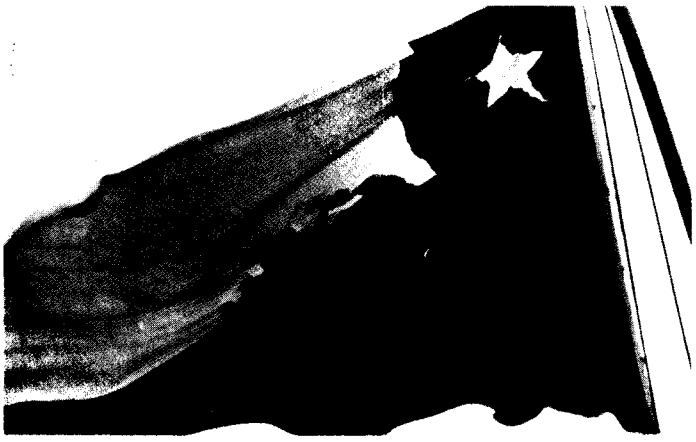

Quilapayun

Ambassadors Without a Country

When the Allende government was overthrown in September 1973, the musical group "Quilapayun" ("The Bearded Ones") was in France, in the midst of a European concert tour. Had they been in Chile at the time of the coup, they would certainly have been thrown into jail, or killed, as Victor Jara their musical director had been. Once cultural ambassadors of the Allende government, they are now emissaries of truth, spreading word of the Chilean junta's unrelenting brutality and garnering support to bring it down.

On March 14, 1975, the State Department denied visas to Quilapayun, labeling them "undesirable visitors to the U.S." But only two weeks before, the Immigration Department had granted them visas as "Distinguished Artists." According to sources in Washington, Quilapayun'sadversary in the State Department was Harry Shlaudeman, currently U.S. ambassador to Venezuela, but second in command of the U.S. embassy in Chile during the Allende years. Shlaudeman had apparently gone out of his way to block their entry into the U.S., fearing perhaps, the same kind of reaction here that they had recently generated in Caracas, Venezuela, before a fervent crowd of 11,000. But congressmen, national political organizations and citizens pressured the State Department to back down. On March 21, Quilapayun left Paris for the U.S., and appeared before sellout crowds on both coasts.

Quilapayun reflects the powerful Latin American folk music of the Andes and the high plains. Their songs range from unrelenting, earthy "zambas" to soft, tragic sonnets of despair. They sing songs infused with revolutionary spirit as well as salt-of-the-earth Spanish and Cuban ballads. The seven musicians incorporate the poems of Pablo Neruda and Victor Jara set to the beat of guitars, pan-pipes, "zampones," "sikus," and "charangos."

Quilapayun inspires the hope that Chile will free itself of the junta's iron control. And until then, they intend to spread the tragic story of Chile throughout the world, ambassadors without a country.

–Rob Fruchtman

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El Pueblo Unido Jamas Sera Vencido

De pie cantar que vamos a triunfar
Avanzan ya banderas de unidad
y tu vendras marchando junto a mi
y asi ve-ras tu canto y tu ban-de-ra flo-re-cer la luz
de un rojo a-manecer anun-cia ya la vi-da que ven-dra
CHORUS
y a-hora el pueblo que se alza en la lucha con voces de gigantes gritando a-de-lante
ya hora el pueblo que se alza a la lucha con voces de gi-gantes
(SHOUT)
gri tando a-de-lante
EL PUEBLO U-NI-DO JA-MAS SERA VENCIDO

THE PEOPLE UNITED WILL NEVER BE DEFEATED

Our country builds the base of unity
from north to south, an army new and free
from burning mineral suns and atmospheres to forest skies

United in the struggle and in work
they'll go to cover all the land
their steps announce the future's sure command.

Stand up, in song, the people's war will win
imposing truth from thousands strong within
of steel they are, battalions glowing red
inside their hands is justice, history's reason
and now, woman, you
with valor and with fire
have joined the lines of workers rank and file

And now it's the people, who rise up to the struggle
with voices of a giant
that's shouting ADELANTE!
THE PEOPLE, UNITED, WILL NEVER BE DEFEATED!
EL PUEBLO UNIDO JAMAS SERA VENCIDO!

Stand up, to sing, we know we're going to win
advancing now, the flags of unity
and you will come, we'll both march side by side
you'll see your song, your banner bloom
the red dawn's light will cover us,
will glow and light the time
announcing now, the life which comes ahead.

Stand up and march, the people's war will win
new life awaits, life better than it's been
We'll conquer now, our people's happiness
in one loud sound, a thousand combat voices
will rise up, they'll sing, a song of liberty
decisively, the people's war will win

CHORUS

EL PUEBLO UNIDO JAMAS SERA VENCIDO!

La patria esta fundando la unidad
de norte a sur se movilizará,
desde el solar ardiente y mineral al bosque austral
unidos en la lucha y el trabajo irán la patria cubrirán
su paso ya anucia el porvenir.

De pie cantando el pueblo va a triunfar
millones ya imponen la verdad
de acero son ardiente batallon
sus manos van llevado la justicia y la razón
mujer, con fuerza y con valor
ya estas aqui junto al trabajador

y ahora el pueblo que se alza en la lucha
con voces de gigantes gritando adelante
EL PUEBLO UNIDO JAMAS SERA VENCIDO!
EL PUEBLO UNIDO JAMAS SERA VENCIDO!

De pie cantar que vamos a triunfar
Avanzan ya banderas de unidad,
y tu vendrás marchando junto a mi
y asi verás tu canto y tu bandera florecer
la luz de un rojo amanecer
anuncia ya la vida que vendrá.

De pie marchar el pueblo va a triunfar
Será mejor la vida que vendrá,
a conquistar nuestra felicidad
y en un clamor mil voces de combate se alzarán
diran canción de libertad con decisión la patria vencerá

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Capitalism in One Country?

"Revolutionary forces are gaining momentum, raising the question of whether Europe, Latin America, Africa, and Arabia can long resist this movement. And if the world outside does indeed go socialist, can capitalism survive in the United States alone?"

The Russian Revolution provoked throughout the world an almost unanimous conclusion that mankind had entered a period of attempted overthrow of national political and economic systems. There is little dispute over this, whether from supporters or opponents of the revolution. Mankind became polarized into two main camps: those who supported the revolution, and worked for its geographic extension; and those determined to suppress it in Russia, and make impossible its occurrence elsewhere.

There was no middle ground. One was either for the revolution or against it. If for it, one subordinated domestic political objectives to the overriding need to preserve this revolution in the foreign land. If against, one's preoccupation was for national and international actions to destroy it.

This polarization led, in two ways, to the isolation of the Soviet Union from the outside world. On the one hand, governments cordoned off the USSR once their military interventions to crush the revolution had proved abortive. On the other hand, the Soviet Union itself took extreme measures to insulate itself from foreign influences and against threats of renewed military incursions by foreign powers motivated by enmity not only towards the Russian Revolution but towards revolution *per se.*

For a quarter of a century, the Soviet Union existed as an isolated, walled-off country in which capitalism and its political infra-structure had ceased to be. A new question was then posed. Could socialism in one country attain socialist objectives? For that matter, could socialism in one country even survive, disregarding foreign interventions and enmity?

It is a measure of change in social relations and attitudes that this question, by now, has simply ceased to be asked. Mankind today accepts the 1917 revolution as a natural, evolutionary feature of our epoch whatever the violence of its revolutionary meanings. Its visible success measured by its economic accomplishments have caused the question of socialism in one country to become meaningless. The question has ceased to be relevant to real world facts.

Its lack of meaning has become all the more obvious with success of socialism not only in Russia but also in China, Yugoslavia, Albania, North Korea, and North Vietnam. That there have been mutual reinforcements of each other by these nations which have successfully overthrown their bourgeois systems argues, to some extent, against the viability of socialism in isolation. There has, however, and to the total surprise of socialists of the older school, been as much discord between the socialist states—at least episodically—as mutual reinforcement. In large, the separate socialist societies have gone their separate ways, building socialism upon the particular conditions, and pre-revolutionary states of cultural and economic development, peculiar to each one of them.

To the question, is socialism in one country feasible, history's answer has been an emphatic Yes.

The general prediction made in 1917-24, that the world had entered a protracted period of attempted overthrow of national bourgeois and feudal systems, has been borne out in fact. Not only have such attempts been made. They have succeeded, in addition to the countries cited above, in Eastern Europe, Iraq, and Syria. They were defeated in Greece, but the durability of this defeat is doubtful. They are being attempted throughout the whole of Southeast Asia, with a high probability that Cambodia will have moved decisively into the Socialist camp by the time this article goes to press, and that all Vietnam will do so in weeks or months.

In Portugal and Ethiopia, anti-bourgeois and anti-feudal

by Terence McCarthy

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revolutions are underway. Movement of Italy toward the left is a calculable probability. Revolutionary forces are once more on the march, raising the question of whether Europe, Latin America, Africa, and Arabia can long resist this movement. Nationalization of previously capitalist-owned raw materials in countries which are principal sources of petroleum, bauxite, and iron ore have accelerated the trend away from capitalist norms.

Will France, West Germany, Austria, Belgium and the Netherlands follow suit? Can Spain resist the revolutionary impulse expressing itself unexpectedly in Portugal? Do the economic difficulties of Japan, with a 20 percent fall in industrial production, portend a socialist corrective? Will the same occur in England, with a 20 percent inflation rate?

Time will tell. And in its telling it may pose the most ironic of questions. If all the world outside the United States goes socialist, can capitalism survive in the United States? In brief, is capitalism in one country feasible?

[POSING THE QUESTION]

The question appears simple on its face. In reality, it is highly complex. The fact that the question can be posed in earnest is a second evidence of the profound change which has occurred in world social relations since 1917. Not all of these changes—at least, those external to the United States—are necessarily adverse to the persistence of capitalism in this country, even if its eventual isolation as a political-economic system be assumed.

The question of capitalism in one country, posed without qualifications, is therefore unanswerable. It avoids definition of both capitalism and socialism in the real, evolving form of these opposing systems. It specifically evades definition of socialism under the separate and profoundly different conditions of underdeveloped, developing, and developed countries. It also avoids consideration of the range of political-economic forms which socialism can take on locally, country by country, or internationally by interaction among socialist countries. Furthermore, it neglects altogether the facts of possibly unexpected relationships—including national and ideological antagonisms, as well as conflicts of national-geographic and economic interests—which may be expected, or imagined, as likely to evolve among socialist countries.

Posed simplistically, the question of survival of capitalism in one country implicitly suggests something not supportable by the intellect: the emergence of conscious and deliberate confrontation between two willfully antagonistic monoliths, namely, a capitalist United States armed to the teeth, existing in isolation, and a completely united outside world—wholly socialist—collaborating to isolate the United States or standing in arms to overthrow it. There are no grounds whatever upon which to justify this dire and oversimplified hypothesis, even assuming capitalism in one country alone. There are not even reasonable foundations for the assumption that the United States will be the last country to become socialist. In terms of socialist development, the United States has one major advantage over the developed nations of Europe, namely, the U.S. has no powerful Social Democratic Party with which to deter formation of a socialist society.

The inner stresses of U.S. capitalism, in fact, and consequent national political actions by the capitalist state, to patch over the spreading erosion of the bourgeois structure, postulate an organic evolution toward centrally-planned forms which the Social Democratic parties of industrialized Europe willfully resist. One might even hypothesize that, in the name of national unity, and for the preservation of the nation itself, the U.S. is more likely than the advanced nations of Europe to take the giant step towards a substantially socialist political and economic form.

This does not mean that to pose the question of capitalism in one country is fruitless. On the contrary, its very posing compels us to examine the real world in which we live, its tendencies and problems, its disparities, and the many possible and actual directions of its evolution which themselves are disequal both in trend and pace.

[THE LION'S SHARE]

As good a place as any to start this examination is the set of projections and estimates of population, and of GNP and per capita GNP in dollars at average 1967-69 prices at foreign exchange rates, for developed, developing, and centrally-planned economies, published by the World Bank in its March 1975 issue of *Finance & Development.*

In 1972, the well-developed countries (including Portugal, in the World Bank's definition) were estimated to have a collective population of some 672 million, some 18 percent of estimated world population of 3,738 million. The collective GNP of the developed countries in 1972 was estimated at $2,033 billion, or 65.3 percent of the world total of $3,113 billion. Stated conversely, about 82 percent of the world's population in 1972 "enjoyed" only 34 percent of the world's GNP.

For simplicity, let us here avoid argument over the meaning (if any) of GNP, and of the quite different standards of measurement applied by the capitalist economies compared with the Soviet Union, China, Yugoslavia, Albania, and the communist nations of Eastern Europe. (Nonetheless, we should not lose sight of the possibility of inadvertent exaggeration in revealed disparities caused by the differences in definition.) Let us, instead, break out the U.S. data from the aggregate of the developed countries for 1972-73.

In 1972 (at 1967-69 prices) GNP totaled $1,003.4 billion, i.e., 49.4 percent of total GNP for developed countries and 32.2 percent of total world GNP. In 1973, GNP for the U.S. (at 1967-69 prices) was $1,122 billion or 51.7 percent of GNP for developed countries and 34.7 percent of the world total.

GNP of the U.S. in 1972 was 58.8 percent higher than for all centrally-planned economies, and about 124 percent higher than for all developing economies taken collectively. In 1973, GNP for the U.S. was 66.7 percent higher than for all centrally-planned economies, and 133 percent higher than GNP for all developing countries whatever their status of development.

Now let us compare GNP per capita (again with reservations as to what these computations mean) for the U.S. and

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the rest of the world. In 1972, on the 1967-69 average price bases, U.S. per capita GNP was $4,805, compared with $2,223 for the rest of the developed world; $598 per capita for the rest of all the world; $536 for the centrally-planned economies; $237 per capita for all the developing nations, including the oil producers. Because the 1967-69 price data are not applicable to the oil producers for 1973-74, let us eliminate these countries. The non-petroleum developing countries had a per capita GNP (in 1967-69 dollar value) of only $240 in 1973, less than 5 percent of the per capita GNP of the United States, and approximately 8 percent of the per capita GNP of all developed countries.

In 1973, U.S. per capita GNP (on the same price basis) approximated $5,333, which was 6.4 times the world average; 2.4 times the $2,239 of all the developed countries; about 9.5 times the per capita income of the centrally-planned economies; and 21 times the per capita income of non-petroleum developing countries.

These are the parameters within which we must reason in attempting to answer the question of capitalism in one country. The United States in 1973, with 5.5 percent of the world's population, had about one third of the world's total GNP, equivalent to the collective GNP of 82 percent of mankind.

What does this imply? That the U.S. is itself responsible for the poverty of the rest of the globe? Decidedly not. That this country has exploited backward peoples is unquestionable, especially with respect to petroleum, copper, bauxite, and tropical food products. This, however, is a far cry from claiming that the world is poor because the U.S. is rich (even with the U.S. in depression, if you define poverty by world standards of measurement).

[THE ROOTS OF UNDERDEVELOPMENT]

The causes of world poverty, and its extraordinary concentration in what, for politeness, we now call lower income-developing countries has a deep historical background. Its roots were planted over 400 years ago, long before the U.S. became the prodigious economic machine to which it has evolved. English, Spanish, Portuguese, French, Italian, German, Dutch, Belgian, Turkish, and Russian imperialism subjugated most of the globe, including what is now the United States.

The imperial powers not only wasted their own material assets in their competition to preserve and extend their empires, they also—and willfully—made it impossible for the subjugated peoples to apply the emerging industrial technology of the period to their own natural resources. Ancient civilizations were crushed, rather than encouraged to launch upon the same modernization on which Europe and the United States had themselves embarked. And the imperial powers themselves, blinded by their own industrial attainment, even in their exploitation of their imperial possessions did no more than scratch the surface of the countries they dominated. They lacked the elemental perception that they themselves could be enriched if they permitted enrichment of their empires.

Their empires were to be markets, not competitory. Industrial development of the colonies and dependencies was deliberately deterred. One reason: the imperial world had seen, in the instance of the United States, how quickly industrial commerce could develop—even in the eighteenth century—once restraints were released. The thirteenth *Encyclopedia Britannica* drily remarks about the U.S. that in the colonial period ". . . there were beginnings in some lines of manufacture but the policy of the British government was generally hostile and its increase was insignificant." But after the War of 1812 the U.S. found new trade outlets in all directions. The foreign commerce of the United States, immediately before the Civil War, was a close second to Great Britain among the world's trading countries. And between 1861 and 1909, U.S. imports and exports increased more than five-fold, with a $5.7 billion excess of exports over imports in the decade ending in 1908.

No comparable increase in manufacturing and trading capability was permitted to colonies and dependencies of the imperial powers. And today's widespread world poverty is a direct consequence. It is the result of studied policies pursued by the imperialists of Europe, not a product of U.S. policy in the world before 1945.

[EMPIRE AND ISOLATION]

On the other hand, since the end of World War II, the U.S. has been as avid for political mastery and domination over potential markets as any of the old imperial powers, the liquidation of whose empires was prime among the political-military objectives of the U.S. before and after Pearl Harbor.

Here lies tragedy. The U.S., because of its own anti-imperialist and revolutionary origins, and because of its own release by force from imperial bondage, enjoyed a good will among the world's oppressed and poor such as no other nation in history had earned. This was an asset of incalculable importance and magnitude. And it was dissipated by U.S. aping in Latin America, the Near East, and Southeast Asia of the very imperial aggressions and oppressions which the erstwhile imperial powers had earlier exercised on a world scale.

The one distinguishing characteristic of the United States, which had differentiated it from the European powers, had been its non-imperialist stance in the world. This stance was abandoned during and after World War II. And in the minds of the peoples of the earth, U.S. abandonment of its historical anti-imperialist posture served not to strengthen but to weaken the U.S. position in the world. Resistance to the new U.S. imperialism became formidable.

Military defeat was suffered by the U.S. in Southeast Asia. Economic control over Arabian oil was lost. Withdrawal of the U.S. from forward imperial positions was forced upon it. With the rebuff of its military excursions, the U.S. began to suffer something akin to the isolation imposed on the USSR in the 1920s. This has not as yet extended to a total European withdrawal from the U.S. connection. Even Portugal, in its revolutionary period, has announced intention to remain within the NATO military alliance—but has also denied to the U.S. further employment of the Azores as a refueling base for U.S. armaments

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supplied to Israel.

What we already have, it is clear, is a substantial isolation of the U.S.; an isolation encouraged and accelerated by congressional refusal to give further support to imperialist actions against the Far East mainland.

A trend toward U.S. isolation—and isolationism—has already been evident without the assumption of socialist forms by Europe. Economically, as I stated in the November 1973 RAMPARTS, the U.S. was already being isolated from Europe by the expansion of the European Common Market. Kissinger then complained, "In trade, the natural economic weight of a market of 250 million people [the enlarged European Community] has pressed other states to seek special arrangements to protect their access to it. The prospect of a closed trading system embracing the European Community and a growing number of other nations in Europe, the Mediterranean and Africa appears to be at the expense of the United States and other nations which are excluded."

The process of isolation is well underway. It is reinforced by the fact that U.S. commerce with the centrally-planned and developing countries is trifling. Total U.S. exports to all the world (excluding Department of Defense shipments) in 1973 were only 5.5 percent of the nation's GNP; to all developing countries, only 1 percent of U.S. GNP; to centrally-planned economies, even less.

The United States is already isolated, in fact, from the majority of mankind. Its trading relations are almost exclusively with advanced countries. In 1972, U.S. exports to the whole of Asia (excluding Japan and Australia) were only $5.5 billion to 54 percent of the people of the earth, compared to $12.4 billion to Canada alone, with 0.6 percent of the world's population.

I have advanced this argument before, and I shall repeat it time and again, if necessary, until the fact sinks into the mind of the American people. The United States has developed no meaningful trading patterns to mutual advantage, with the very areas of the globe upon which the U.S. must depend in the future for needed raw materials. And it is among *these* countries that the sweep towards socialist forms, specifically the nationalization of natural resources, is now irresistably strong.

Assume, as is feasible, as the now economically retarded raw materials countries develop, they do so on the basis of exchange of materials for advanced industrial technology produced by the advanced socialist societies. The outlook for the U.S. economy will then be grim. Industrial expansion, and the associated expansion of industrial and commercial capital in the U.S., would be severely limited.

Federal authorities have been quick to grasp this implication, particularly with respect to mineral fuels. What has been their response? Strange as it may seem, they are taking steps to prevent the price of mineral fuels from declining. The rationale? Very simple, that if petroleum remains high in price—more properly, if the U.S. can compel the domestic price of petroleum to remain high—alternate energy sources, which at more normal prices for petroleum would be unable to compete with oil or natural gas, will be price competitive. Stated more formally, it is the U.S. government's intention so to limit availability of petroleum that the marginal costs of presently uncompetitive fuels will be equal to, or less than, the marginal price of petroleum fuels in U.S. markets.

This is economic self-isolation in the extreme. It requires domestic investment not of billions but of trillions of dollars in new energy sources. The question naturally arises as to whence this needed capital will derive. The answer is plain. It cannot derive from the savings function of the private capitalist sector of the U.S. economy. It *must* be provided by government.

[A PILE OF PARADOXES]

Paradoxes pile upon paradoxes. Violation, by government aegis, of the economic laws of capitalist markets requires, simultaneously, an extraordinary extension of the authority of government over an economy, even though the preservation of its capitalist form is the objective of this anti-capitalist intrusion of the U.S. government on a gigantic scale.

We find parallels in farm price supports; discussion of possible government allocation of electrical energy on some scale of priorities; government attempts—at government expense—to modernize and rationalize the nation's transport system; government inquiries into the facts and causes of the inordinate spread between raw food prices and prices of foodstuffs at retail. In a way, what is occurring in the U.S. is the extension of socialist forms advanced in the name of the preservation of free enterprise.

However, it is in the capital function that the most dramatic of social intervention is likely to occur. Facing the nation is the possibility of a federal deficit of perhaps $150 billion during the next two fiscal years, and a possible federal assumption of responsibility for the effectiveness of, e.g., New York City and some of the states. Additionally, the perilous financial condition of the electrical utilities, aggravated by government perpetuating the rise in the price of oil and natural gas, has led to speculation in Wall Street, indeed to expectations, that the public utilities system of this country will become publically owned with federal guarantees of the utilities' indebtedness.

The prospect for the U.S. is, it seems, substitution of creation of additional fiat money for the normal saving function by which capitalism was characterized and defined.

This is a change of profound importance. It will increasingly isolate the U.S. from other countries, whether they be capitalist or socialist, by depreciating the dollar still further; increasing the extent to which the dollar is mistrusted. Furthermore, proliferation of fiat money in the U.S. can have the odd effect of adding impetus to price inflation of goods while simultaneously forcing down interest rates. Capital created by government fiat may exceed the capacity of capitalist industry to employ it in a given time span. Simultaneously, a flight from private capital to goods—a flight from money by personal saving—could be the first consequence.

What is certain is that if generation of pre-compressed capital is sufficient in amount to force interest rates down decidedly, there will be massive withdrawal of capital from this country. Instability of the U.S. economy would be recognized, throughout the world, as a permanent feature

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of the U.S., incalculable as to consequence.

On the other hand, the sheer inertial mass of the U.S. economy must be taken into account. On a GNP basis, it is one third of the total world economy. If it were correct to interpret this statement as meaning that the U.S. produces one third of the world's industrial output, one could assume that the U.S. was substantially immune from outside interests; was, in fact, itself the prime mover of the world economy. But this is not the case.

One basic measure of industrial strength is iron and steel output. In 1973 the U.S. was slightly ahead of the Soviet Union in steel production; in 1974, slightly behind. The tendency, over time, is for the USSR to move ahead of the U.S. on a sustained basis. And proposed new steel-producing facilities in the oil producing countries, as in other parts of the Third World and in Australia, demonstrate that—by the basic indicator of steel output—the inertial mass of U.S. economy *vis à vis* the rest of the world is far less than suggested by GNP data.

This is because—in 1974 for example—only some 29.4 million wage and salary workers in the U.S. were employed in manufacturing, mining, contract construction, transportation and public utilities, out of a total of 78.3 million employees in non-agricultural establishments. Some 14.3 million employees worked in government functions, about half of those in product-related production.

Indeed, only 37 percent of those wage and salaried workers outside of agriculture were employed in the production of physical goods and associated production functions. This is at once a clue of weakness in the U.S. industrial system and a source of potential strength. For if it should be decided nationally that this ratio be reversed, with 63 percent of employees engaged in physically productive functions, and 37 percent in government service employment, the U.S. would be an altogether different society than what we now know. It would also be an industrial source capable, by its sheer mass, of largely determining the course of world economic development.

It could not, however, live in isolation from the world. The fact, disregarding additions to the physical output rate by progressive technical innovation, that generalized industrial output would increase by about 70 percent, would so increase dependence upon foreign raw materials and markets that isolation from the world could simply not be endured.

To reverse the matter, today's tendency for substantial isolation of the U.S. from the world economy is made possible largely because the social distribution of the U.S. labor force is biased heavily against the direct production function. Shifting this bias towards increased production of physical output would make the U.S. unquestionably interdependent with the rest of the world, specifically with the developing nations where the raw materials lie.

[NOT CAPITALISM, BUT . . . .]

The apparent contradiction thus emerges that, if the U.S. adjusts itself to provide a rising mass of industrial product for Third World countries, especially of capital goods, it will be necessary that the U.S. economic system be profoundly affected, specifically in the development of its labor force. But if this domestic shift occurs, it will be to supply other countries, not the United States, with most of the increase in physical industrial production by the United States.

The inherent contradiction grows obvious. If the U.S. is not to be isolated from the world, one of two things must occur. Either the U.S. standard of living must decline because of exportation of products otherwise available for domestic use, or the standard of living must remain static, or rise minimally, because incremental output will not be available for domestic use. This is the price which America must pay if it is to be non-isolationist in its political and economic policies.

Alternatively, if isolation is to become the intended purpose of the nation, a general decline in the standard of living must occur. In the energy sector alone, the foreseeable requirements for investment capital exceed the capacity of the nation, as now constituted, to provide out of savings at even 1975 consumption levels for the average family. The myth of the post-industrial revolution will be exposed absolutely. Isolation will require some form of materials and resource rationing, by no matter how direct or indirect a process.

This is an image of America altogether unfamiliar to today's youths and adults. Call it what one may, it is not U.S. capitalism in the accustomed meaning of the term. Peacetime allocation of resources, and of the labor force, and government creation of investment capital as the savings function declines, are not capitalist in *any* sense of the term. They are what must follow long-continued isolation of the U.S. from the world outside, whatever the political form of that world.

They are also the price which the U.S. is going to have to pay if this country attempts, via international trade, to meet the development demands of the developing nations. The question of capitalism in one country thus becomes essentially circular. Attempts to preserve it in one isolated country lead necessarily, in the U.S.A., to its slow or rapid transformation to an unfamiliar, non-capitalist model. Efforts to perpetuate it by economic cooperation with an outside world increasingly socialist in its forms and social relations lead to results which, while different, impose on the U.S. economy such warping as to require comparable domestic policies by the federal government, perhaps to national socialism.

To the question of socialism in one country, the answer is clearly Yes. To capitalism in one country, the evidence suggests a resounding No. At the very least, if capitalism survives in an isolated U.S., it will not be a liberal capitalism, nor one whose future will be determined by the free play of market forces.

Kingman Brewster, president of Yale University, recently expressed the capitalist apprehension of this point, addressing the Fellows of the American Bar Foundation (2/2/75), because "use of the leverage of the government dollar to accomplish objectives which have nothing to do with the purposes for which the dollar was given have become dangerously fashionable, and there is no obvious constitutional basis on which to resist this encroachment." I think that Kingman Brewster foresees the future.

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Liason

Civilian prisoners herded into Santiago stadium after coup

The Great Fear in Europe:

Will There Be Another Chile?

by William Shawcross

On July 19, 1945, Stalin had an idea. At the Third Plenary Session of the Potsdam Conference he proposed that "the regime of Franco represents a grave danger to the freedom-loving peoples of Europe and America" and suggested that the Allies break off all relations with Franco in order to support "the democratic forces in Spain and enable the Spanish people to establish such a regime as would respond to their will."

Reasonable sounding, perhaps, but not quite what Winston Churchill had in mind. He detested the Franco regime, he said, but was even more opposed to interfering in the internal affairs of another nation. Then Harry Truman spoke: he too thought a change, however desirable, must be left to the Spaniards. So Stalin suggested a somewhat milder, though still critical approach. At this Churchill became a little angry.

"It is not a domestic affair, but an international danger," claimed Stalin. "That could be said about almost any country," retorted Churchill. (One can imagine him spitting the tip from his cigar to the floor in disgust.) "No such regime remains in any country in Europe," replied Stalin. "Isn't Portugal such a dictatorship?" countered Churchill. But Stalin had an answer even for that. "The Portuguese Government [of Salazar]," he declaimed (with an eye perhaps on the future of Eastern Europe as he would like it to be seen) "arose from an internal development. That of Franco arose out of intervention by Hitler and Mussolini."

Debaters' points aside, the real effect of Potsdam and Yalta was a *realpolitik* division into spheres of influence which has given Europe thirty years of what Henry Kissinger and many others would call peace, but to many Europeans is more properly called order. This system may

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finally be weakening. And the erosion is most visible where it once seemed most unlikely. In Stalin's phrase, "the Portuguese government arose from an internal development." Portuguese socialism has become the symbol and in many ways the test of this erosion.

Europeans find it difficult to believe that Washington will accept such a development passively. The desperate unwillingness to let go of control in Cambodia and Vietnam hardly points to a policy of equanimity. The real model for European fears, however, is not the Indochina intervention, but the experience of Chile.

After all, the CIA itself had never thought what it was doing under Kissinger's direction in Chile was meant to be a one-time thing. According to the secret testimony of Director William Colby before the House Armed Services Committee (as disclosed by Congressman Michael Harrington), the adventure was seen precisely as a "prototype or laboratory experiment to test the techniques of heavy financial investment in efforts to discredit and bring down a government."

[THE CHILE MODEL]

This "prototype" notion of the Chilean "destabilization" program was widely reported and taken perhaps more seriously than in the U.S. As it is, even if the CIA had been totally innocent of interfering in Portuguese politics over the past year, Kissinger's Chilean policy would have made it impossible for such U.S. intervention to be plausibly denied.

On September 18, 1974, just after Harrington's account of Colby's secret testimony was published, Kissinger gave a background briefing at the United Nations, and blandly justified the adventure against Chile's government on grounds of "national security." A European reporter then asked him if this argument could not be extended to justify U.S. intervention anywhere else. Kissinger replied simply, "That's an interesting philosophical question, which is worth debating. Let's move on. Next question." Kissinger, of course, has never been long on public policy debate.

But two days later Kissinger and Ford privately briefed nine congressional leaders, one of whom later reported that Kissinger had dwelt at length on Italy. He had argued that, whatever criticism was being made about the CIA in Chile, the United States would be bitterly attacked for not having done enough to save Italy, if the Italian Communist party did indeed gain control.

President Ford himself publicly defended the Allende overthrow effort in expansively open-ended terms: "It's a recognized fact that, historically as well as presently, such actions are taken in the best interest of the countries involved."

Throughout the entire course of the anti-Allende "experiment" Kissinger made it as clear as he ever can, in his private briefings at least, that he was afraid not only for the instability and consequent threat to detente that a successful marxist government would create in a wholly American sphere of influence, but also for the imitative effects it would have in Europe. As far back as January 13, 1971, C. L. Sulzberger published in the *New York Times* what was understood to be a classic Kissinger leak entitled "Spaghetti with Chile Sauce." Without, I hope, being unfair to Mr. Sulzberger by misnaming his source, it is worth quoting. The analysis presented by the source cited Regis Debray's argument that the Chilean experiment would have repercussions in Europe. It cited an interview with Luis Corvalan, the leader of the Chilean Communist Party, which had appeared in *L'Unita*, the Italian Communist paper. Corvalan had declared that the people of Chile must "consolidate their victory and advance further so that the whole of the political and state apparatus will come into their hands."

There were two inferences to be drawn according to the source: first that the Chilean Communists were determined to gain absolute control, and second that a "repetition is possible for Italy – which is why *L'Unita* is so apt a propaganda vehicle." Italy was politically sick and "The Italian Communist Party . . . is slowly inching toward seizure of power by elections just as Allende did." (Don't democrats in fact believe that power is transferred rather than seized if an election is the instrument?)

Four years later, Italy is, by these standards, at least as sick as in 1971 – the Italian government has been so obliging a headline writer as to practically declare itself bankrupt – but the Communists as yet have neither seized nor even simply won power. They have even declared that, if they did take part in government, they would remain in NATO.

Nonetheless, the analysis was probably correct, if for "NATO" one reads "Kissinger". "NATO is desperately worried . . . NATO thinks of Italy when the word Chile is mentioned. Normally NATO would not feel intimately concerned with developments in the distant southeast Pacific, but it cannot help feel alarmed when it recognizes how paralyzed it might be in trying to prevent a repetition in strategically located Italy . . . NATO reads the South American lesson in European terms."

Last October, Kissinger and Ford met in Washington with Mario Soares, leader of the Portuguese Socialist Party, and Vasco da Costa Gomes, who later succeeded Spinola as head of the Armed Forces regime. According to one Portuguese diplomat, Kissinger indicated directly at that

Michael Laurent/Gamma

Paris, September 1974: Strikers march along Champs Elysee

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time that a Communist government in Portugal would simply not be tolerated by the United States.

(Perhaps at this point the reporter should make his own prejudice even clearer. Should the question of a Communist Government somehow actually arise in Lisbon, I would not like to see the Caetano regime succeeded by one approximating Dr. Husak's which came to power with the destruction of Dubcek, another Communist. There are Communists and there are Communists, in Portugal as elsewhere. One must hope that the Portuguese Communist Party's endorsement, unlike their Spanish and Italian comrades, of the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, was a mistake of the past and not an indicator of the future.)

[GEARING UP IN EUROPE]

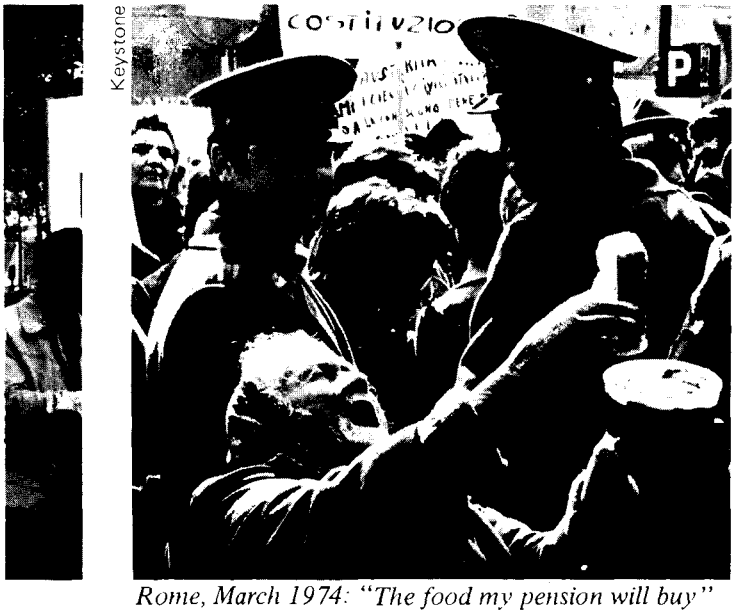
When the April 25 coup took place in Portugal last year, the State Department was taken completely by surprise. One Kissinger aide said last Fall: "Portugal has caused absolute panic here. Largely because we just have no one who knows anything about these people. There was no one of quality in the Embassy who could report properly on the attitudes of the captains; the military attachés had always considered it beneath them to speak to anyone below the rank of colonel."

The Sheraton Hotel in Lisbon suddenly had many heavily baggaged U.S. guests determined, one supposes, to put right this defect; and the staff at the Embassy immediately began to grow. The ambassador was later removed – apparently because his reports were too favorable – and in September Kissinger sent his own brain trust to tell him how serious the threat really was.

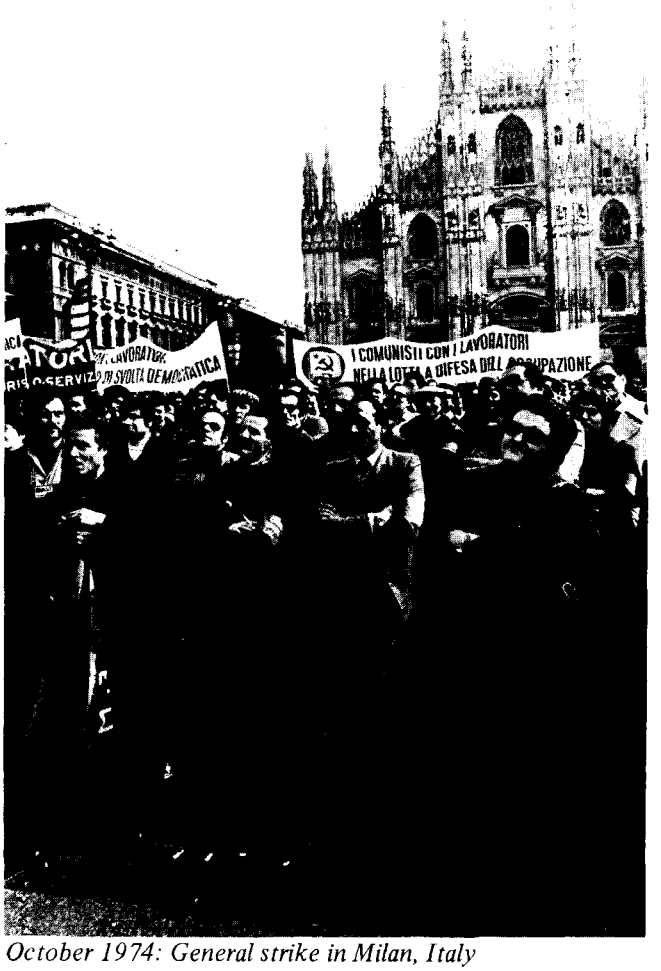
Some of Washington's help was more imaginative than effective. Last October a group of Portuguese were flown around the U.S. to meet and observe such men of stature as Marvin Mandel, Ronald Reagan, and Gary Hart. The Portuguese were the campaign managers of several of that country's non-Communist parties, and their host, the State Department, was anxious to show them just how a democratic election was conducted. At the same time, the State Department was funding a special course in jurisprudence for a group of five Portuguese judges, conducted in that center of legal learning – Reno, Nevada.

Then, as now, CIA yarns were freely swapped in the cafes on the *Rossio*, But although many of them are undoubtedly true, none so far has seemed terribly imposing. On the *Tagus* there was the S.S. Apollo, formerly owned by Ron Hubbard, the king of scientologists, and now said to be a sophisticated CIA radio post operation. In July, both Brazilian and American money was said to be floating around Lisbon, intended to shore up a new television station to counter the state-run system which, as Kissinger complained, favored the left. In August, General Vernon Walters, Colby's deputy and a fluent Portuguese speaker, turned up in Lisbon; the CIA declared he was "on holiday."

Another old CIA friend has been in Lisbon too, and he at least acknowledged that he was hard at work – Irving Brown is back on his old beat. In the late 40s and early 50s, Brown played an important part in setting up right-of-center trade unions in France and Italy and helped to create the Italian Christian Democrat Party. He was at that time a



Rome, March 1974: "The food my pension will buy"



October 1974: General strike in Milan, Italy

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well-known and popular bagman, often to be seen on the overnight expresses from Rome to Geneva, Geneva to Paris, or Paris to Toulouse. Last summer he was back in Europe, now in charge of the AFL-CIO's European section; George Meany, he says, felt that not enough was being done to strengthen the center here.

Brown is a crusty but not unfriendly fellow who has become rather bored at being asked if he is a CIA agent. "If I was or if I wasn't, I would say no, so what's the point?" he asks, reasonably enough. Last May, just a few weeks after Caetano fell, he arrived in Lisbon with Michael Boggs, deputy director of the AFL-CIO's international section, to see what they could do for Portugal's long-suppressed unions. Until then, the AFL-CIO had tried to keep contact with Portuguese workers through the 750,000 in France.

In Portugal, says Brown, he was disappointed to find that most of the union leadership was dominated by Communists and owed allegiance to the World Federation of Trade Unions. But he did see some hope in at least the building unions and the metal workers. "They do not want to be integrated into such a controlled body," he declared last fall.

He travelled to Italy where he found things even more troubling. "Twenty-five years ago the West would not have allowed a Communist takeover in Italy, but now we seem to have lost our political will. There's no Ernie Bevin to pick up the Marshall Plan." No George Marshall either, for that matter. In Italy, Brown was accompanied by Howard Molissani, head of the "Italian-American Labor Council," an ethnic, generous, and slightly curious organization which is affiliated with the International Ladies Garment Workers Union (ILGWU) and has given a lot of money to right-wing Italian unions. Brown wanted to give more.

The money was to try and thwart progress toward the Italian Communist Party's "historic compromise" – which includes the effort to unite the unions of the Christian Democrat CISL and the Socialist CGI with the Communist unions. Brown says he was gratified last summer to find that the movement towards such unity was much less swift than it had been in the early 70s. He had especially high hopes that the electricity workers and agricultural workers could be encouraged to hold out.

Others are less cheerful about Brown's efforts. *Panorama,* a Milan paper which accused him of trying to bribe Italian officials and movements, claimed that Bruno Storti, the secretary-general of CISL, had refused Brown's request for a meeting. The Christian Democrat Unionist was quoted: "If I do, the next day everyone will know and since everyone also knows Brown is in the CIA . . ." Brown left town muttering that "these days people blame the CIA when Mount Etna erupts."

Poor Irving Brown, perhaps he does not realize whose fault that is. Like a few others, he still dreams of the days when he would sit up all night in his Pullman car, somewhere between Milan and Naples, watching the smoke from his cigar curl to the ceiling, as he dealt out the financing to create another union. It could work then, while the lines drawn at Potsdam and Yalta were still thick and unbroken. But now, when those compromises are finally beginning to wear rather thin, at least west of the Oder-Niesse Line, things are not so simple.

[BACKFIRE]

There were always those who blamed the CIA every time the central heating broke down: Kissinger has given them reason. He has given substance to fears of American intervention wherever politics are in a state of flux. The result has been to shift the whole framework of political debate in Portugal to the left. There are many who welcome that. Dr. Kissinger presumably was never among them.

As recently as December 1972, when Allende was preparing to visit the U.N., Nathaniel Davis, the U.S. Ambassador, cabled Nixon that the Chilean leader would like to meet him because such an encounter would strengthen him with Chilean moderates. Davis reported that Allende was anxious to use the trip to gain international stature and distract the Chilean people from their domestic problems.

Nixon and Kissinger, of course, had no interest in either strengthening Allende or distracting the Chilean people from the problems caused, *inter alia,* by the CIA-financed truck owners' strike. The request was refused. On his flight to New York, Allende sent Nixon a radio message of good wishes. It was not acknowledged.

The great difference now is that it is inconceivable that any Portuguese social democrat or marxist who wished to form a coalition government, would ever imagine that a meeting with Ford could do him anything but harm. Because of Chile, it was inevitable that the popular reaction in Portugal to General Spinola's abortive March 11 coup should have been to blame the CIA. And it was predictable that anti-Americanism should have been such that one of the Armed Forces Movement's leaders (in fact the head of CopCon, the security police, Brigadier Goncalves) should demand that the U.S. Ambassador, Frank Carlucci "get out of town because his safety cannot be guaranteed."

In his trips to Europe this spring Kissinger has been careful to find time to give frequent briefings to European diplomats, politicians and journalists. The briefings have been as charming, as eloquent and as unattributable as ever, but they have become much more emotional. On Friday, March 3, he saw a group of British journalists (the Alsops rather than the Hershs or the Sterns of London) and immediately launched into an impassioned denunciation of the United States Congress.

Their refusal to support him made the conduct of U.S. foreign policy impossible. It was a grave threat to world peace. Their action on Cambodia was close to moral perfidy. He might have to resign.

All that has resulted here is that some Western European politicians are beginning to believe that at least until 1977 the United States will not have many ideas or much time for Europe. This has caused some alarm; James Callaghan, the British foreign secretary, has asked his friend Dr. Kissinger for a quick summit conference to restore "a degree of unity and purpose," at least for NATO.

In fact, whatever Kissinger may say, the departure of Greece or Portugal from NATO would not seriously damage an alliance whose ostensible and, presumably, continuing

(Continued on page 62)

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Keystone

Lisbon crowd demanding nationalization of Portuguese banks

A Washington View:

The Portuguese Connection

Falling dominoes are once again the prevailing obsession in official Washington, as the debris of Henry Kissinger's foreign policy initiatives of the past five years litters the landscape in the Middle East, Southeast Asia and Europe. The newest center of concern is the newest "loss"—not Laos, Cambodia and Vietnam, but Southern Europe, the heartland of the NATO alliance, which was considered to be the most durable bastion of Western non-Communist power against the Soviet bloc.

The single domino which now haunts the Washington foreign policy community most acutely is the European hinterland state of Portugal, where a revolutionary military movement last year ended Western Europe's oldest right-wing dictatorship with a bloodless coup. Since the April 25 revolution in Lisbon, a melancholy litany began to emerge from Foggy Bottom, where Henry Kissinger and lowly desk officers labor with the fear that as Portugal goes, so goes Spain, Italy, Greece, Turkey and perhaps France. The new sense of anxiety along NATO's Mediterranean front was captioned by one state Department wag as a case of "falling dominoes on the soft underbelly *angst.*"

Addressing himself to Portugal, Kissinger dourly announced at a news conference that "we are disquieted by an evolution in which there is a danger that the democratic process may become a sham, and in which parties are getting into a dominant position whose interests we would not have thought were necessarily friendly to the U.S."

Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger spoke of the need to take "symbolic" action against Portugal—"Making them outcasts without casting them out." (Actually there is no procedure under the NATO charter for casting out apostate nations.)

by Dan Griffin and Laurence Stern

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It was Richard Nixon who said, in another context, that those who doubted the domino theory hadn't been "talking to the dominoes." But the trouble in Washington, to adhere to Nixonian metaphor, is that those who posited the domino theory as a framework for American foreign policy haven't been listening to the dominoes. The fact is, of course, that in Europe as in Asia, even if there is a widespread leftward shift, each separate country responds to its own history and politics, its own distinct interests and internal problems. They are discrete entities which have some common regional interests with their neighbors.

At the beginning of 1974, Lisbon was bogged down in a 13-year-old colonial war that was consuming half its national budget, and blighting the flower of its youth in a way that Vietnam never approached in this country. Young men fled to other countries to work, to escape the draft. The PIDE (International Police for the Defense of the State) was unchecked in its repression of potential political "enemies" and was renowned for the sophistication of its torture. Wealth was concentrated in a few aristocratic families, and Portugal was undisputed as the least-developed country in Europe. In many respects, in fact, Portugal could hardly be considered a part of Europe.

At this point, General Antonio de Spinola, who had commanded Portuguese troops in Africa, wrote a book, *Portugal and the Future,* describing a vision of his country freed from its colonial empire but retaining with its former colonies a sort of family relationship comparable to France's ties with its own ex-colonies. The book expressed and helped crystallize feelings already in the air, and military officers began talking among themselves of the changes they would like to see in their country; this was the beginning of the Armed Forces Movement, and it led to the swift coup of April 25. Spinola was soon installed as President.

The American Ambassador to Lisbon, Stuart Nash Scott, originally chosen by then-Secretary of State William Rogers, was the first of all the foreign envoys to call on the head of the new government and offer the good wishes of his country.

But Spinola, "the man with the monacle," was not really in tune with the captains and majors who had brought off the coup, and he continued to resist the idea of moving too fast in stripping Lisbon of the colonies it had accumulated over five centuries of exploration and exploitation. Further, he saw himself as a sort of De Gaulle, a man on a white horse, and when the Movement tried to limit his power he made a play for right-wing support that led to his removal from office last September, when the military government moved to the left.

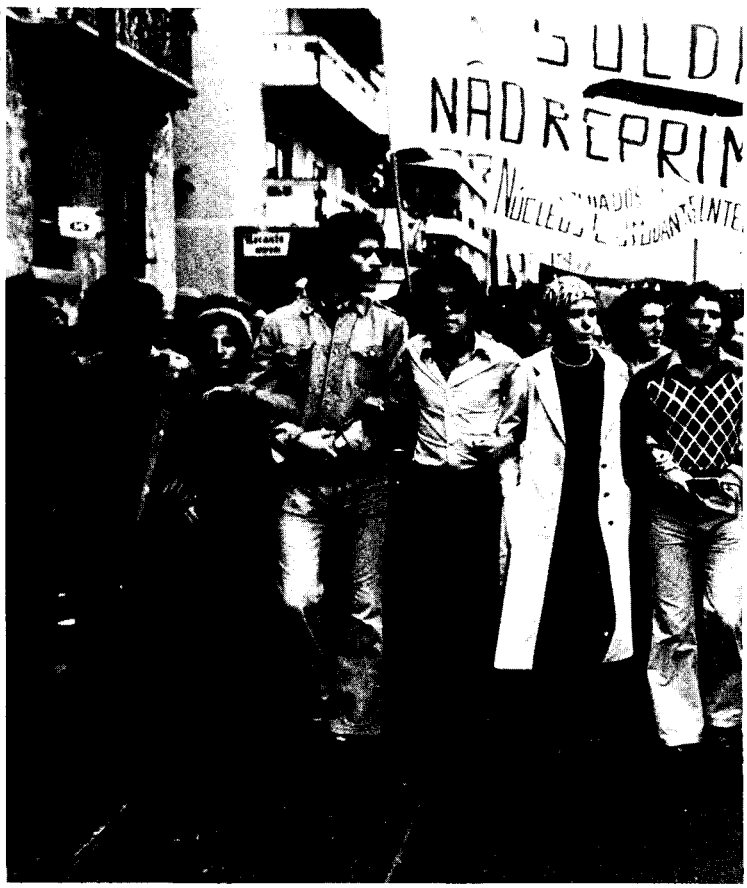
During this time, Scott and his staff continued to report calmly and dispassionately to Washington on Portuguese developments. But that is not what Kissinger had in mind, and he fired the Ambassador, naming as his successor Frank Carlucci, best remembered in Washington for his role in helping Nixon dismantle what remained of Lyndon Johnson's Great Society programs. Scott had lasted less than a year in his post.

Now reports are circulating in Washington that Carlucci, in turn, is in trouble with Kissinger for much the same reason as his predecessor—advocating a measure of understanding for the military's efforts to make deep social changes in Portugal with Communist help. Privately, some U.S. diplomats complained that Kissinger's only policy toward Lisbon is to get the Communists out of the government.

[VISIONS OF DOMINOES]

It was about the time Scott was fired that the "Southern European Domino Theory" began to be heard around Washington, and visiting Portuguese—political figures and men of business who came to encourage foreign investment—expressed fears that their country would be "destabilized" *à la* Chile. These fears were given voice for the first time publicly in early April, when Portuguese Prime Minister Vasco Gonçalves speculated at a news conference about the possibilities that his country might become the target of an economic boycott. "I don't say a boycott has been started or will be put into practice immediately," he said, "but it might happen and we must prepare ourselves for it. Other countries have economic and trade agreements with the East. Why not us? We want only that our revolution shall be respected by the other nations of the world." Officials in Washington were insisting at the time, however, that there were no Chilean-type initiatives underway to discourage investment in Portugal or impose any form of credit boycott on the country.

"Any economic 'destabilization' going on in Portugal is being conducted by the Portuguese themselves," a credible American diplomat said, explaining that the two important



Lisbon, June 1974: Demonstration of "Revolutionary Left"

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foreign-exchange-earners for Portugal—tourism, especially by other Europeans, and the wages sent home by Portuguese expatriot workers—have been sharply reduced because of fear.

"What happens," he said, "is that stories get around and get exaggerated—for example, the government permitted some vacant houses to be occupied by squatters and turned into social centers and so forth. Well, a Portuguese who's been working in Germany, say, and sending home money to buy a house that he couldn't have afforded if he still lived in Portugal—but who has every intention of going back to live in that house some day—he hears a story like that, especially after it's gone through several re-tellings and gotten blown up, and he's likely to stop sending the money back until he sees how things are going to shake down.

"And the tourist industry is very depressed right now. In fact, that's the reason that one American Company—Hertz, which I suppose qualifies as a multi-national but certainly isn't the kind of conglomerate that term suggests—has decided to pull out. There aren't any tourists renting its cars, and Hertz has given the Portuguese government 90 days' notice that it's going to close up shop."

Still, he insisted, when people call the State Department to ask if they should invest in Portugal "they are told to make a business judgment, not a political judgment. The same with people wondering whether they should go to Portugal on a tour—the government's telling them that there is no physical danger, no overt hostility, and that they should decide on a trip there the same way they would on a trip anywhere else."

Portuguese diplomats in Washington say they can still live with the Ford Administration's "wait and see" attitude toward relations between the two countries. The Portuguese Embassy intercedes, in fact, on behalf of prospective tourists or worried American businessmen with problems in Lisbon. Their hope is that economic relations can continue on a stable basis despite the political transformation underway in Portugal.

The trouble with that, said a Portuguese center-left politician during a recent visit to Washington, is that "the longer you wait, the less there is to see."

Nonetheless, Washington continues to watch Portugal closely—with a concern that had never been apparent during the decades of repression, when the U.S. embassy steadfastly refused to see opposition figures or to listen to reports of torture. Washington was happy with a quiet Portugal—even if the quiet was, as one member of the Portuguese Armed Forces Movement put it, "the quiet of the cemetery."

At the heart of the longstanding American ties with the Portuguese dictatorship was the U.S. rental of the Azores as a mid-Atlantic fueling station and anti-submarine base. (It also boasts one of the most superb golf courses in the U.S. Atlantic Command.) Now the refueling role of the Azores has become obsolete because of the in-flight refueling capacity of American military transport aircraft. And in any case, Prime Minister Gonçalves has made it clear to the Ford Administration that Portugal cannot afford to be considered a partisan of the Israelis by making the Azores available as a refueling station between the United States and Tel Aviv.

It is now the Soviets, inspired by the American example, who are expressing a keen interest in Portuguese naval bases—specifically at Madeira. There have already been Russian nibbles in Lisbon, which have been decried by the U.S. as a form of poaching on hallowed NATO ground.

But if Portugal as a rightist bastion had been convenient for the United States, Americans nonetheless reserved the right on certain occasions to publicly disdain the Portuguese as backward and repressive—as it always has with allies of convenience such as Thieu's Saigon, Pinochet's Santiago, the Generals' Brasilia, Parks' Seoul, and so forth. As Lisbon's new revolutionary government moved to the left, it awakened the old anti-communist paranoia, and fears of an Iberian Soviet satellite. It was the specter of monolithic international communism on the march again. The result was that those who had found Salazar and Caetano useful but expressed at least rhetorical distaste because Portugal was colonialist and racist and regressive, now refused the new Portuguese government the hand of friendship because it was leftist and revolutionary, and was getting rid of its colonies and its old oligarchical structures.

Washington's public ambivalence about wanting reforms, but within a stable and conservative regime, was at work, and there are indications (but no real evidence) that the United States continued its courtship of Spinola, the best pseudo-reformist candidate around, even after he was deposed in September. The increasingly leftist military was painted as sharing with the Portuguese Communist Party leader, Alvaro Cunhal, what was characterized as a Stalinist view of the world.

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[CASTING FOR OPTIONS]

There are those in the U.S. government who automatically first think of covert action—buying the election for a moderate party, sending in "technical advisors," or undercutting a dangerous candidate. The other night, a successful young Portuguese businessman-politician who considers himself a moderate quite seriously outlined what he saw as the American options in Portugal now: direct intervention (a Dominican-style operation such as the United States carried out in 1965); veiled intervention (financing, say, a Spanish invasion or a NATO intervention while trying to keep Washington's role as hidden as possible); financing a partisan-type guerrilla movement in remote parts of Portugal in the hopes that it would spread; or "sitting watching the iron curtain move to the shores of the Atlantic."

Some think that the U.S. has already "exercised one or more of those options," to use the argot of the bureaucracy. There is a "Portuguese Liberation Army" operating in Spain and remote areas of Portugal, according to statements by high members of the Lisbon government. Spain has denied any knowledge or involvement; so has Washington.

What is recorded fact is that about noon on the 11th of March of this year, Portuguese military units moved against other Portuguese military units in an abortive *putsch* that killed one soldier and polarized the country's political scene. General Spinola and a number of aides fled to Spain and thence to Brazil. The "moderates" were effectively wiped out in Lisbon and the military took swift steps to institutionalize its role in Portuguese political life. Portuguese-owned banks and insurance companies were nationalized. The government took another step to the left.

Rightists in Portugal claim that Spinola and those involved with him in the coup attempt were victims of "disinformation" by Communists and Communist sympathisers in the armed forces. By one theory, the Communists enticed Spinola and his supporters into a "preemptive coup" by convincing them that a Communist takeover and bloodbath were in the works. State Department officials say this does not square with other reports they have and that it is more likely that the Right feared the results of the April 25 election would show them to be weak. In this view, Spinola decided to resolve the issue simply by taking power to prevent a continued leftward drift. Despite his years in the military, it is said, the general is essentially a theorist, and his coup attempt was abyssmally botched.

There is yet another explanation—by far the most Byzantine of all—of the events of March 11. By this account, Spinola acted with American encouragement although Washington knew beforehand his attempt was doomed. Washington was playing a longer-term game, under this theory, in which the immediate losers would be the center parties but the long-range victims could well be the Communists. Later, with the center parties crippled and on the sidelines, the contradictions between the long-range aims of the Communist Party and those of the Armed Forces Movement would begin to show up with increasing clarity. This, in turn, could lead to a hardening of attitudes within the military, where the power still lies, against Portugal's Communist Party, which now claims to be the best friend of the Captains in Lisbon.

Commenting on the various theories abroad, one diplomat in Washington representing another "Southern European domino" country said that the March 11 coup attempt "was exactly what the CIA should have done if it were being competent; the question is whether they did it or it simply happened by accident." A Soviet diplomat in Washington, when twitted recently that the Portuguese Communist Party's currently exposed condition was a result of CIA machinations, swallowed hard, smiled, and said, "You may be right."

Certainly there is no lack in Washington of people who hope the CIA is in Portugal and operating decisively: the *Washington Post* spoke, in a lead editorial, of large numbers of KGB agents working in Lisbon. And the newspaper lamented that through its actions in Chile and its tenuous tie with Watergate, the CIA had unfortunately lost its domestic base of support for operations in such countries as Portugal. The editorial expressed the "fervent hope"—though with little confidence—that democratic forces in Portugal could survive without the Agency's help.

[SELF-FULFILLING PROPHECIES]

As usual when Washington is confronted with a revolutionary change in another country, the foreign policy machinery tends to discount indigenous needs and problems, such as the Portuguese government now faces. It is much easier to blame the KGB, the tentacles of international communism, and to try to fight fire with fire.

There's a lesson—deriving especially from Spain and Portugal—that the traditional Washington response ignores. For years, during the Salazar-Caetano regime, every time there was some disturbance, some unrest, it was met with PIDE repression, and blamed on the Communists. This still goes on in Spain, in fact, and the Spanish government has unwittingly served as the Communist Party's publicity agent, conferring on it all sorts of credit it doesn't deserve. When the old Portuguese regime was overthrown last April, Cunhal and his associates received credit not only for their own years in prison, exile and torture rooms, but for student and worker opposition as well.

After half a century of clandestine life, the Communist Party in Portugal was admirably structured for cellular existence in the shadows but ill-equipped to compete for votes. It was not a party at all, really, but a secret lodge. The publicity it had received from the government helped to offset this weakness.

Now the United States, by touting the KGB's prowess, is doing the same thing. And by its resistance to every leftish aspect of the Armed Forces Movement it is running the risk of repeating the pattern John Foster Dulles established with Cuba and is driving Lisbon into some sort of alignment with the Russians. But that shouldn't be surprising: after all, in foreign policy the self-fulfilling prophecy has always been one of Washington's principal exploits.

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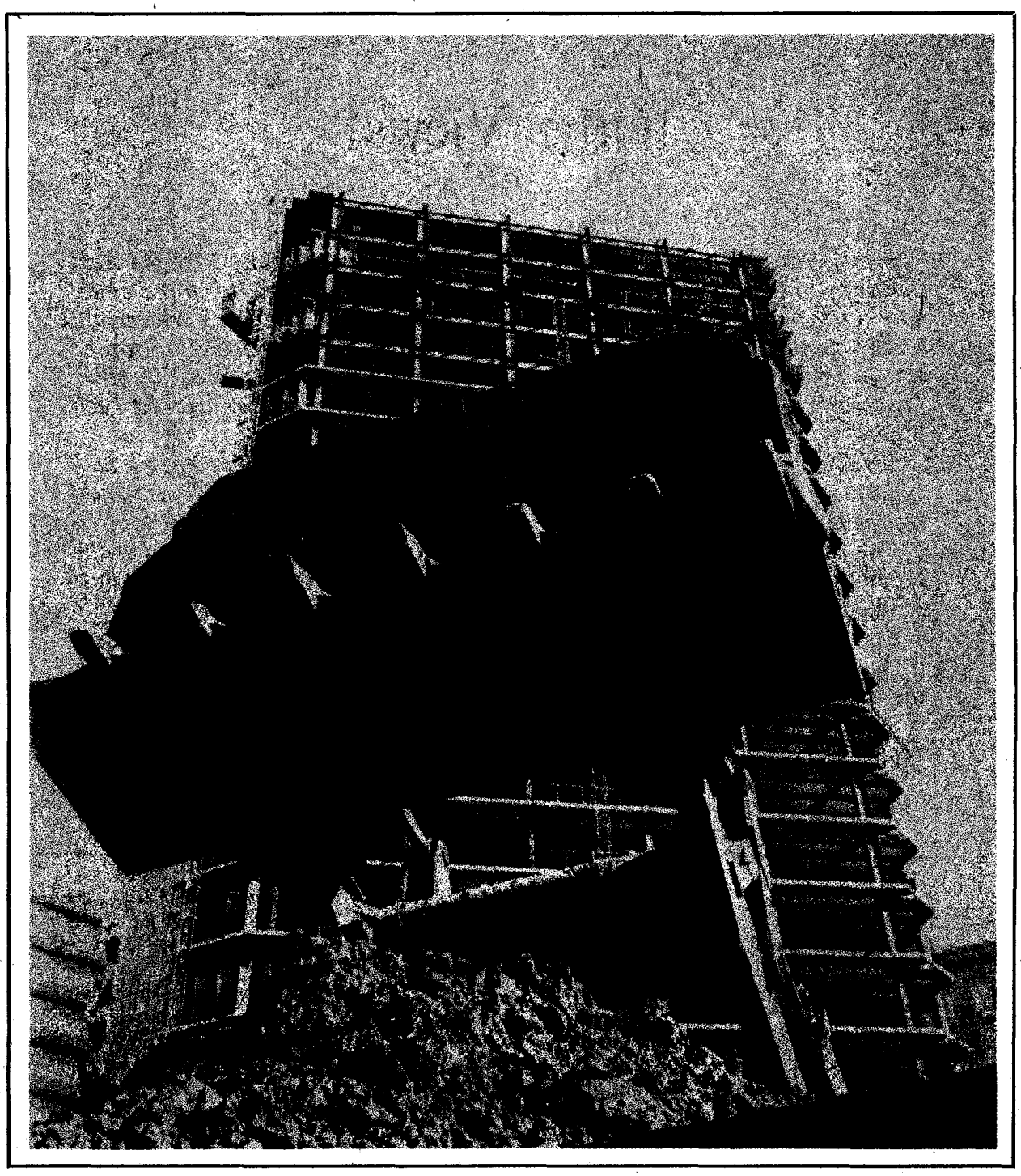

Buildings Are Judgment II.

Terence McCarthy • Alan Temko • Percival Goodman
Mary Perot Nichols • John H. Schaar • Marshall Berman

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[Other Views]

In his essay "Buildings are Judgment" in the March RAMPARTS, Marshall Berman wrote: "All through the Sixties, all over America, by force or by vote, great machines and great works were stopped. In the New York version of this drama, Robert Moses played a crucial role: he was sitting on top of the world we were trying to stop, lashing his men and machines to move faster as resistance grew. Thesis and Antithesis, he and we needed each other."

Berman called for the Left to draw out of the Moses experience a new synthesis, a revived sense of the romance of construction that would reconcile the elements of grandeur and humanity.

The question of how this dialectic ought to be defined has emerged as the subject of a provocative and intriguing controversy, from a variety of points of view. So we present here, as Part II of "Buildings are Judgment," a selection of Other Views.

As a glance at the introductory quotes to these contributions will reveal, there is a remarkably diverse array of interpretations and personal encounters with Moses and his works. And, of course, in regard to these Other Views, Marshall Berman has some views of his own.

Terence McCarthy

"To pretend that Moses belongs among the great builders is nonsense; he was among the great destroyers. The reality is a sordid tale of billions of usurious dollars extorted from the citizens of New York, which once had been a habitable, exciting place to live."

Robert Moses had a vision: of Manhattan as a human desert in which none but caretakers, watchmen, guards, and maintenance personnel would or could live. Humans were detestable to him. They crowded the streets, impeding the juggernaut of traffic which he imbued with the spirit of power. What he wanted was a bustling hive of industry, commerce, and administration by day; a silent, deserted city by night. To him, the city was a machine, people no more than its servitors.

To pretend—or believe—that Moses belongs among the great builders is nonsense. He was among the great destroyers. The rich farmland of Long Island was buried under suburbia as he drove his highways ever deeper into the countryside. And the ripping out of half the Bronx victimized not just Moses' fellow Jews, but Jews and Germans, Italians and Scots, whites and blacks—any people who stood in his way.

The machine was everything; people, obstacles. But the machine could not run without finance, and financing could not be obtained unless Moses could create his greatest of creations—namely, slums.

More than 100,000 in New York City were forced out of their dwellings by Moses' bulldozers—and were compressed into the remaining housing stock, forcing into slumdom areas which had been not only comfortable and neighborly but, in many cases, elegant and prosperous. Moses—and the banks and insurance companies—foresaw this as an effect as inescapable as his highways spread.

Then came slum clearance. The market values of what had been middle-class neighborhoods were forced down as overcrowding was imposed upon them. And these properties, in the billions of dollars of land values, were bought up by the land speculators with funds advanced by the lending institutions.

Now came the bulldozers again, ripping out the new slums, and forcing still greater migration of families within, or out of, New York City. And this pattern was repeated time after time after time. New slums were made—then were torn down, compelling still

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newer slums to be created, and again torn down.

This was what Robert Moses accomplished for New York. The reality is a sordid tale of billions of usurious dollars extorted from the citizens of what once had been a habitable, exciting place to live.

Moses was also a petty, vindictive man, venomous in small but important ways. He compelled all benches in New York City's parks—Bronx and Brooklyn included—to be removed from under the trees, where people had sheltered from the summer heat, and to be placed between the trees where there was no shelter. And he forbade the citizens to sit upon the grass, claiming that "it did not look nice to visitors driving by for people to be littered over the parks."

This is the Moses which Berman does not see—the mean-spirited, malicious, power-driven destroyer who tore down a city and built worse in its place. We are told of the decrepit, dilapidated waterfront which Moses renovated and made available to the people. We are not told which people. And the people in question are motorists, with the West Side highway debarring the waterfront for ambling and summer strolling as is possible in London, Paris, Berlin, Moscow and all the great cities of Europe.

Nor is it told how Moses, despite court orders, tore down the ancient Battery at the tip of Manhattan, ripped out the city's aquarium and shipped it off to Coney Island, out of reach of anyone other than the Brooklynese. He did so because they attracted people—and people repelled him.

[MECHANICS OF POWER]

The mechanics of Moses' power machine is perhaps most significant. Moses did not invent, but he grasped the power implications in, the Public Authority. The Bridge and Tunnel Authority which he headed was permitted, as a public body, to issue tax-free bonds. And tolls on its highways, bridges and tunnels flowed in ceaselessly, making its bonds prime investments.

The trouble was that, under law, the tolls were to cease once these constructions (and their upkeep) had been paid for out of the tolls received. What then to do? Cessation of tolls spelled the end of Moses' power. The answer was very simple: borrow more, keep the Authority permanently in debt so that the projects would never be terminated from a toll-collecting viewpoint.

The new borrowings had to be expended, however, and this meant construction after construction, far beyond what the laws had visualized or empowered. *This* was what drove Moses in his construction mania. To keep the tolls flowing forever, he must build and build and build. And the entire financial community supported him. He made, literally, billions of dollars of profit for building speculators, banks and other lending institutions, and increased and perpetuated his own authority in the process.

The mystery of Moses is no mystery at all. No question of Think Big or Think Small arises when one contemplates the man. The essence of Moses was cash flow, and nothing else. Building had to be done if the lever of financial power was to be in his control, but it was the tolls, the tolls, the tolls which formed that lever. Construction was a device, essential to the uninterruption of cash flow, and cash flow was both ends and means.

Robert Moses destroyed New York City. He broke its back and crushed its spirit. It is a fitting monument, a logical extension of the attitude he forced upon New York, that it built the World Trade Center—second largest skyscraper in the country, built with no fire sprinkler system, and with no switches with which to turn off unneeded lights.

This structure—perhaps the last vast commercial building which New York City will ever erect—is the epitome of the sort of Thinking Big which Moses engendered. Huge, unnecessary, wasteful, and hated by the people. Stupid in conception, harmful in its consequences, and occupying space once used by small businesses performing useful purposes and by small homes in which people lived economically.

This is what Thinking Big in the Moses sense has culminated in. Big, yes. Thinking, no. Moloch at worst, a fool at best, Robert Moses will not soon be forgotten. A destroyed city and an entombed agriculture are his monuments.

Percival Goodman

"Who had the moral fibre to look too closely when power, money and concrete achievement were offered? Not many, and not because these men were lacking in good will. They simply were educated to ask 'how shall I do it?' but never 'why?'"

There is a sneaking admiration for men of action, men who "get things done," almost immediately suppressed by questions: *Practical:* Was it worth doing? *Humanitarian:* Even if the omelet is good, what about those helpless eggs? *Ethical:* Do ends excuse means? During the neap tide of Moses' career, those questions plagued many a planner since there were few projects in which the answers could be affirmative. But who had the moral fibre to look too closely when power, money and concrete achievement were offered? Not many, and not because these men were lacking in good will. They simply were tunnel-visioned and educated to ask: "how shall I do it?" but never "why?"

My brother Paul and I disliked Moses, not merely because we thought his infatuation with highways insane, not merely because we found his understanding of the city insensitive and his urban renewal proposals inept, but because we were convinced that he had a bad character. How bad it was I learnt to my sorrow over the years.

In the late Thirties, a number of us had worked to free the City Planning Commission from Moses' clutch and hailed Rex Tugwell as chairman. Little did I think that in 1944 when I submitted a scheme for the conversion of a three-quarter mile section of Long Island City waterfront from industrial slum to park and housing that it was doomed in advance, since Moses had to approve; nor did I think in 1951 when, having won a public competition for a Memorial to the Six Million Jews, that Moses (as Commissioner of Parks), would have the nerve to turn it

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down, especially after critical acclaim and Museum exhibits. I must add, parenthetically, that in his rejection Moses suggested that the Parks Department would look favorably on a replica of Michelangelo's *David* as a suitable memorial.

After reading episode after episode describing Moses' long memory and unrelenting savagery, I realized now why I was so often thanked for my interest in proposing a civic improvement. Period. It's true that "Bob Moses could hate. If you stood up to him, he would hate you forever. If you defeated him, he would try to destroy you" and if he couldn't do that, he would do "the next best thing, destroy something you loved." (Paul Windels, quoted by Caro). A typical example was the Battery-Brooklyn caper that Caro describes, and I well remember.

It's 1939 and a new traffic connection is planned between Manhattan and Brooklyn. A tunnel is recommended as the least disruptive and most suitable. Moses bangs his fist on the table: "What's a tunnel but a hole in the ground?" He wants a bridge, in this case a pair of giant suspension spans in tandem sloping down into Battery Park on a series of giant piers 100 feet high.

Many of us were outraged at this proposition—a few architectural and art societies, but especially the goo-goos (good government people), longtime supporters of the "idealistic" Mr. Moses. These folks were suddenly shocked to discover the monster they had nourished. They would not have been, as Caro makes clear, if they had "bothered to ask whether methods antithetical to good government were justified because they got 'things done' even if the 'things' needed doing."

It was never clear to me why Moses fought the tunnel proposal so hard; the pages given by Caro help some, but not much. Suffice to say, the combination of Moses' blackmail and cunning worked again. Almost everyone, including, to our horror, La Guardia, knuckled under, despite proofs that statements made by Moses and his gang were twisted facts and outright lies. But the Bridge seemed assured. As a last resort, someone suggested calling Eleanor. Eleanor, old New York, a reformer from way back, happened also to be the wife of a man who detested Moses and could be helpful.

Caro quotes a letter addressed to: "Dear Franklin . . . the War Department can stop it . . . *verb. suf. sap.*, especially when the sapient being is a lover of New York as well as the President of the United States and Commander in Chief of the Army." "The Commander in Chief," Caro comments, "apparently took the hint. No bridge was to be built."

In Battery Park is a ring of stone, old Fort Clinton, which became Castle Garden where Jenny Lind once sang, and later, where fish swam. It was a marvelous place, the Aquarium, mysterious and dank. Among the millions who had gone there as children and in turn took their children there were a couple of dozen people who had on occasion praised the old Fort and supported its now peaceful use. They had also opposed the Battery Bridge. What a nice, nasty, easy way to get even. The Aquarium was unsanitary and had to be moved; the Fort was unsafe and must be demolished. The Park Commissioner had spoken. There were letters to the editor, the usual mutterings, but "By October, after a September in which parents by the tens of thousands had brought their children to the Aquarium for the last time, Moses could tell the Board of Estimate: 'The fish are gone . . . we don't have to talk about that any more. The only question is . . . Fort Clinton.' " Ironically, the fort was saved by the Second World War. Manpower was needed for other kinds of destruction.

Marshall Berman finds that "our contempt for construction is so immediate and instinctive today that we hardly notice it." But in my experience this reaction is not as new as he suggests. People have always been conservative; reasonably enough, they don't like to be budged out of their old ways, especially when they don't see the benefit. It took the civil rights movement and the Sixties in general to remind them that, if they didn't like it, they could (within limits) stop it. And it took the obvious destruction of resources, the waste and pollution of the Sixties, to muscle the conservationists, start a real organic food demand, awaken the beginnings of an appreciation of nature, and spawn a great big suspicion that maybe there was more to progress than more.

No doubt that; I'm an optimist, since I believe that the potlatch is about over. Scarcity is general, with a slight assist from the Arabs, presaging the end of the kind of overblown technology and expansionist planning and control that the Moses-type mentalities aspired to. We are learning that its products are inherently violent in their effect on the planet; and damaging to people. If I am right, then men like Moses are superannuated not because of chronological age, but because they are old-fashioned, obsolete.

Naturally, I'd feel more confident in these beliefs if there was a "For Sale" sign on the Pentagon.

[TWO BROTHERS]

As I said, my brother and I were opposed to Moses personally because we found that he had a bad character. This was to some extent a prejudice, for although we were curious about Moses' personality, we had no desire to explore his background, nor did we. Reading Caro's description of the relationship between the Moses brothers, I realized how right we were in judgment. ". . . There was this disregard for someone else's point of view, this brushing aside. This was from the mother, of course, I never saw this thing so strongly in any other individual than I did in Bob—except maybe in Paul Moses," the widow of a Tammany politician told Caro.

Such siblings will grate on each other but the dislike and outright persecution by Robert Moses of his brother was surely abnormal. The remembrance, perhaps of a past villainy, of a Victorian style deathbed scene in which the favored son convinces the dying mother to change the will for his benefit? The fact is that Moses spread the myth that money meant nothing to him. To maintain it, was it not then necessary to hide the cheating of his brother by breaking relations with him, by discouraging mutual friends from seeing him and to force him to leave the city by preventing his appointment to posts for which he was well qualified? Caro gives an instance: "Whether Robert made it a condition of his continuance in the [NYC] Administration that his brother not be hired or whether Robert simply made

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La Guardia believe that it would be unwise to hire him—he wasn't going to be hired." La Guardia was asked: "With the shortage of good engineers, what's wrong with this guy?" The reply was: "I can't have him around as long as Bob is here."

There was a lot of Moses money. Bob got most but "their mother had intended that Paul get an annual income from the Trust Fund of several thousand dollars a year. But he wasn't getting a cent" since the finances were handled by the trustee, R. Moses.

In 1962, Paul Moses, at the age of 75, climbing the long flights of stairs to the top floor loft where he and his wife lived, collapsed. As Paul was rushed to the hospital and believed dying, Robert was called. He brought two gifts to the brother he had not seen for twenty years: "A recording of the opening ceremonies of the Robert Moses Power Dam on the St. Lawrence, and a copy of his memoirs."

Paul Moses did not die. When he left the hospital, he had $200 in the world and a great fear that his wife would be left penniless. He wrote (one may imagine his feelings), asking Robert for a job. His brother got him one as "little more than an errand boy, at $96.16 a week."

This was the man who got things done.

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Mary Perot Nichols

"Moses wanted to slum-clear places like SoHo, Little Italy, and Chinatown. These are now thriving while Midtown—with its highrises and windswept canyons — are dehumanized, crime-ridden, and dull. Ours is not a very grand vision, but a human one."

I was another New Yorker who received from Robert Moses "a crash course in the Dynamics of Power: what got built, and how, and for whose benefit, and what happened to the people who happened to be in the way." I was a mother sitting in Washington Square Park with my children when I first learned that Robert Moses was planning to run a four-lane highway through it.

My subsequent career at the *Village Voice* and my values as applied to urban planning have everything to do with Mr. Moses. My job at the *Voice* started because I was a member of an activist citizens' group fighting the Moses' highway through Washington Square. My daily visits to the *Voice* to tell the editor Dan Wolf what was happening finally resulted in his saying, "I can't stand listening to you any more. Why don't you write it."

Most of us who fought Moses on the Washington Square roadway had had some interest in city planning. We were part of an organization called the Greenwich Village Study, and we believed that in one form or another change was coming to our neighborhood and we'd better get ready for it with some ideas of our own on how to build while keeping the place human.

But when Mr. Moses arrogantly announced his plans for the Washington Square road, the fat was in the fire. We abandoned the drawing board forever, as it happened. There was never again a time for future planning because we were involved in one rearguard action after another. The fight to survive in the city was all we could handle.

Unlike those who were in the path of the Cross Bronx Expressway where Marshall Berman lived, we were not powerless. Many people in the press lived or had lived in Greenwich Village and we had access to them. We were middle-class, educated, and some of us, like Jane Jacobs, knew architects and city planners like Victor Gruen, Lewis Mumford, Charles Abrams, and Douglas Haskell, editor of the *Architectural Forum.*

History was on our side as well. Moses was already weakened by slum clearance scandals, not only in Greenwich Village but far worse ones, like Manhattantown in the Upper West Side as Bob Caro points out in his book. For years after the Moses takeover nothing was built, while the poor tenants were systematically milked by Tammany-connected real estate operators. The whole mess was ably documented in 1954 by one of the city's leading do-good groups, The Women's City Club, so that the more enlightened elements of New York City's establishment were getting ready to turn against Moses.

Until I read Caro's book, I hadn't realized that even Moses had received a damaging blow to his image as a parks do-gooder before Washington Square by cutting down trees in the middle of the night to build a parking lot in Central Park. Caro calls it Robert Moses' "Black Tuesday." It was April 24, 1956. The television images of mothers weeping as they looked at tree stumps, says Caro, wiped out "The Moses Boom" which "had lasted for thirty years."

To us in Greenwich Village, however, one year later, Moses still seemed immensely powerful. It took four years to rout him and, with the experience we gained from that fight, we went on to demolish another Moses dream, The Lower Manhattan Expressway.

The political climate was ripe to win the Washington Square battle. A group of disgruntled politicos, called the Village Independent Democrats, had been unhappy because Carmine DeSapio, whose power base was in Greenwich Village, had not helped Adlai Stevenson to win the Presidency. And they were the pistol we held to DeSapio's head, which forced him to lean on city officials so that Washington Square Park would be closed to automobile traffic permanently.

[THINKING HUMAN]

I give this history to show what my experience has been. Marshall Berman identifies with the New Left, a much younger generation. While we stay-at-homes, because we were older and had children and jobs, were fighting the final fight on the Lower Manhattan Expressway (which lasted through four years of John Lindsay's administration), the younger New Left was, quite understandably, in Mississippi or marching against the Vietnam War. As far as I can recall, there was no New Left interest or participation

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in the fight against Robert Moses and his bad works.

But Marshall Berman got a bit carried away describing the swashbuckling Moses striding along the Long Island coast planning Jones Beach in his head. Yes, it was heroic and Jones Beach stands as a monument to the best in Moses. But Berman neglects to mention the ugly side of Jones Beach --that Moses deliberately designed the bridges too low for buses which made it difficult for blacks and other poor people to get there. Jones Beach was built for the white middle class.

Berman talks about "Thinking Big" and "the romance of construction," how as a bourgeois manifestation, it was admired by Karl Marx. But who cares if Marx admired bourgeois construction? Thinking Small is just a pejorative used by a romantic. Thinking Human would be a better expression. There are places that Moses wanted to slum-clear that are now unslumming themselves. Take the South House Street artists loft section, known as SoHo. Or Little Italy or Chinatown. All these places are thriving while the East Side of Manhattan and Midtown, with their highrise buildings and windswept canyons, are dehumanized, crime-ridden, and just plain dull.

Instead of using Moses as a model, why not take a look at what is being done to preserve and enhance the human scale in Canadian cities? There is plenty of construction going on in Toronto, for example. But instead of mucking up the whole town with highrises, entire blocks of two-family houses are being preserved. And the same density which highrises provide is being created by building low rise houses within the core of the blocks. (The need for population density downtown, to generate tax revenue and to support services like schools and subways is recognized but dealt with in ways that do not tear apart the fabric of the neighborhood.)

Berman seems to be preparing us for the public pressure for public works which is already occurring (10,000 New York construction workers demonstrated near City Hall recently and threatened to "tear this goddamn city down" if they didn't get work--such as on a new West Side Highway). But is a "massive" public works program the answer? To me "massive" anything is a totalitarian concept. I'll take Jane Jacobs' *Death and Life of Great American Cities* to Karl Marx anyday. The construction workers would not only "tear this goddamn city down" if they don't get work, but they would even pave it over completely if they could.

Why not think about just what it is we need to save our cities and ourselves, instead of thinking about grandeur. There are lots of buildings that demand rehabilitation. Funded by a special federal works program, the construction workers could tear up the Long Island Expressway which they themselves built and then lay railroad tracks on it. Unions of painters could create huge public murals in a new program modelled after the old W.P.A. Arts Program.

Construction workers could even help erect gigantic outdoor sculptures and fix up our schools. No, this isn't a very grand vision--just a human one.

[PEOPLE ARE JUDGMENT]

Berman is right that buildings are judgment. What is physically left standing is what historians note. During the Lindsay administration I worked in Moses' old agency, the Parks Department, and I sadly watched Thomas P. F. Hoving turn from a Moses critic into another Moses. Yet the things we did then, which seemed to change the hearts of the people, were not construction projects. They were simple things like happenings in the parks in which thousands of people came together and participated. We closed Central and Prospect Parks to cars in favor of bicycles and it didn't cost a cent. Nor did we create any monuments to ourselves or give one worker another job. Yet for many it made the city livable.

I no longer look back on the New Deal with nostalgia and see now that it was the beginning of the Imperial Presidency. The best bulwark we have against fascism in this country is in small, difficult-to-penetrate units--small businesses and low-rise neighborhoods where people know each other, where they experience family and close friends.

I look to Canada as a model because it never gave up its provinciality, and even managed to accommodate British Columbia, a socialist province, capitalist provinces, as well as provinces with a mixed economy. And Canada lacks the immense federal power our government has. Jane Jacobs, when she recently became a naturalized Canadian citizen, was asked what she liked most about Canada. Her answer was that fortunately Canada had no melting pot theory--that ethnic diversity and ethnic conclaves are still encouraged.

I do not "see our society disintegrating into a multitude of guarded and embattled camps--ethnic, class, regional, religious, racial, sexual," as Berman does. I see it trying to protect itself from Big Brother. There is a totalitarian spirit in all of us when we become frustrated by not seeing our own views imposed on the world around us. It should be kept in check. I opt for creative anarchy.

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John H. Schaar

"Robert Moses did not create the social forces he served; he did not invent the automobile. At most, he exposed our national traits in gigantic characters of stone and steel, thereby revealing us to ourselves. If we can learn to see, that will be his greatest public work."

I think the greatest weakness of Caro's book and Berman's review is that neither sheds much light on the question of the precise relationship between Moses and the masses. Caro entitles his book *The Power Broker.* The title sufficiently indicates his understanding of Moses' power. He subtitles his book *Robert Moses and the Fall of New York.* That formula contains Caro's understanding of the

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consequences of Moses' power—that through the accumulation of vast and autonomous power, Moses decimated democracy and the human landscape of New York City. Berman explains the relationship as a "tragic contradiction" between Moses' "love of the public and the hate he felt for actual people." That contradiction produced glories for the first 20 years of Moses' building career, when he was opening the countryside to recreation with his splendid parks and parkways; and horrors during the next 20 years, when the more bridges and expressways he built, the more cars appeared to choke them, so the "magnificent arteries with which Moses had hoped to weave the city together had coalesced into a hangman's knot around the city's neck."

I fail to see how this reveals the "tragic contradiction" in Moses. It seems to me, rather, to reveal that Moses was a good and faithful servant of our national romance with the automobile and our national dream of personal independence through mobility. That dream has now, to be sure, turned into a nightmare but it was surely *our* dream that produced the nightmare, not Robert Moses' tragic contradiction between loving the public and hating people, which somehow made him wish to choke us in our own exhaust fumes. If there is tragedy, it is an American tragedy, one in which we are (nearly) all implicated.

Biographies, of course, and commentaries on them as well, highlight the individual and obscure the social background. Let me, therefore, from my securely scholastic redoubt as commentator on the commentator on the biography of The Man, try to set the accent marks right.

Both Caro and Berman are fascinated, almost obsessed, by Moses. Caro's 1,246 pages and Berman's hyperbolic comparisons (Moloch, Ozymandias, Gilgamesh, Faust, Kurtz) are sufficient proof of this obsession. Both are convinced that Moses had more power than anyone ought to have, and that as his career went on he used this power more and more cruelly and destructively. Both seem intent on finishing the work that Rockefeller began: as he destroyed the man's power, they will destroy the man's myth as a great public servant. This approach to the subject obscures three or four aspects of the relationship between the individual actor and the social setting.

First of all, one person's power is relative to other persons' weakness. Robert Moses was such a giant because, with few exceptions, the other public figures around him were such pygmies. They lacked vision while he had one. They were content to leave things largely as they were, while he burned to get things done. They feared combat, while he sought it. They wanted mainly to hang onto their offices and incomes, while he was above the corruptions of money. Robert Moses stands head and shoulders above the huge chorus of actors in Caro's book and Berman's commentary—a dreary pack of boodlers, grafters, petty bureaucrats, hirelings of one or another special interest. Among the pack, he was distinguished for vision, drive and courage. He needed no whip to tame the Tammany tiger; only a few shouts and a bale of money.

Secondly, power is of different kinds and comes from different sources. Caro opens his book with two vignettes that tell an important tale, though he and Berman appear to miss the point of the story. In the first, young Bob Moses, second best freestyler on the Yale swimming team, proposes to team captain Ed Richards that they could get more money for the team by deliberately deceiving a certain generous and noble old benefactor. Shocked, Ed Richards refuses the suggestion. Moses says he will go ahead and do it anyway, or resign from the team. Richards says, "Well, Bob, your resignation is accepted." Bob never swam for Yale again. In the second vignette, 45 years later, City Park Commissioner and City Construction Coordinator Robert Moses stands before newly-elected Mayor Robert F. Wagner and threatens once again to resign unless the major appoints him to still a third office, which the mayor had earlier told his supporters he would not do. Wagner folds under the threat and signs the appointment.

Caro says the difference between the two encounters was that in the second Moses had power, while in the first he did not. One could more accurately say that in the first encounter Richards had power, while in the second Wagner did not. Richards had the simple moral courage to stand up to an immoral suggestion, even at the price of losing an excellent swimmer. Wagner lacked that courage. Throughout his career, Moses met very few men like Richards and very many like Wagner.

Thirdly, Moses' power was augmented by his ability to seize and to master some of the dominant social tendencies and structural forces of his and our time. Beginning with the New Deal, for example, and rapidly accelerating after World War II, the federal government became the dominant force in financing urban public works. Moses saw this growing centralization and knew how to exploit it, before most others did, and better than they could. Similarly, power within the city had become so fragmented under the American penchant for the separation of powers that just one agency or two, with its own source of funds, was able to level the disunited and parochial power of dozens of others. The Triborough Authority was not an inherently powerful social engine. Rather, the other agencies were the pathetically weak structures of standard American institutional architecture.

Finally, Moses did not create the social forces he served. He did not invent the automobile. He did not develop the technology that reduced the length of the work week, thereby producing the demand for recreation. He did not devise the huge capitalist corporation, with its ability to build and shape material and human landscapes according to its own will and interest. Nor, above all, did he initiate the flight of the white middle classes from the cities. The millions of whites who have left New York City for the white suburbs would have left with or without Robert Moses' expressways.

In sum, I think both Caro and Berman ascribe both too much and too little force to Robert Moses. At the most he caught up and expressed on a large scale tendencies and attitudes that are very deep in our culture. He did not wreck New York. Nor, as Berman would have it, did he almost singlehandedly destroy the "romance of construction," giving rise to the worry that today's young will only destroy and not build. We Americans have never understood that a noble city must be the home of those who

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live in it, rather than a stage for the advancement of private interests. Nor have we ever been able to see the romance of construction in other than physical terms, so that, as our material culture expands, places fit for the habitation of the human spirit diminish. Robert Moses exposed these national traits in gigantic characters of stone and steel, thereby revealing us to ourselves. If we can learn to see, that will be his greatest public work.

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Alan Temko

"At times Moses included gifted men among his planners and designers, but they could not possibly be ranked as 'giants of their profession.' To actual giants such as Frank Lloyd Wright or Walter Gropius, he responded viscerally, calling them subversive or un-American."

The chief faults of Berman's curious essay are that it tells too much about Berman, too little about Moses and the real quality of his work, and almost nothing—except for misleading generalities—about Caro's extraordinary book. Although Berman likens Caro's achievement to Dickens' and Balzac's, the huge tome in fact is not great urban literature, still less fine historical or biographical writing, but, rather, a masterpiece of investigative journalism which exposes a unique *coup d'état* in environmental politics. As a record of uncontrolled bureaucratic authoritarianism operating within supposedly legitimate government, it deserves the most serious critical appraisal—on a level far higher than Caro's—at every stage of his seemingly interminable account of Moses' seizure and retention of enormous power in New York for nearly half a century.

Instead of giving the book the careful reading it requires, however, Berman has taken the occasion for a widely inaccurate outpouring of rhetoric, which evades all of the thorny political, economic, and social issues Caro has raised, most notably the vexing problems of "democratic" urban development and humane architecture in a technological age.

Berman totally neglects Caro's excellent treatment of the strategems which enabled Moses to master La Guardia, for example, in gaining control of the housing program in defiance of the Mayor's wishes; and, what is more, the invulnerability of Moses to FDR's efforts to dethrone him during the full noon of the New Deal. Still more puzzling is Berman's omission of the intricate alliances between Moses and banks and other financial institutions, the construction industry and its contemptible unions, real estate sharks and insurance finaglers, with eventual connections to the underworld itself.

Caro has overturned a sizable rock here, and some very repellent creatures have scampered from beneath, but Berman is content to remark lightly that Moses learned from Al Smith to give a bribe and call it a fee. Strangely enough, Berman loses interest in Moses' corruptive political role after mentioning his early success under Smith. This may be because Berman is under the delusion that Smith founded an authentic welfare state in spite of the phantasmagorical squalor, crushing poverty, and governmental impotence that afflict New York as it hurtles towards Mumfordian doom fifty years later.

Even more puzzling is Berman's notion that latter-day Luddities of his own "New Left" generation had much to do with Moses' downfall. They were too young, of course, to have joined in early battles against Moses which date back to the Thirties; but, in truth, their whole participation in the environmental movement, except for the isolated episode of People's Park in Berkeley, has been marginal. One of their great tragedies has been the failure to develop a coherent environmental politics on a positive, democratic basis, rather than a plebeian infatuation with inner-city squalor that verges on slum-loving.

Certainly New Leftists were conspicuous by their absence from the famous freeway "revolts" in San Francisco and other cities, which predated effective resistance in New York. They were also mighty rare in that stronghold of the *haute bourgeoisie,* the Sierra Club, which has been the real command post in the fight to save wilderness and coastlines from further devastation. In New York, where Mumford and other critics had opposed Moses for years, the chief contribution of the New Left was to join, belatedly enough, the well-educated members of the professional class—many of them architects, planners, and journalists with close ties to the Establishment—who had led the fight against the brutal Lower Manhattan project, just as comparable, uptown liberal intellectuals had long before opposed the paving of Central Park.

No, the overthrow of Moses was engineered—I guess that's the right word—by the equally formidable, unprincipled, and utterly opportunistic bullies of Nelson Rockefeller, himself a "big" builder, a "do it" man, who, among other things, perpetrated the hideously extravagant Albany Mall, and who, as Gore Vidal noted in a far more insightful review of Caro, is the real owner of the United States.

It is worth pointing out here, however, that the chief moral opposition to the insensate engineering mentality typified by Moses has almost always been patrician—from Ruskin and Morris to Mumford—even though it has often been socialist and democratic, or at least anti-plutocratic, in mood. The search for environmental excellence by its very nature has traditionally been a refined pursuit. Even today, when social justice has been made inseparable from true excellence in architecture and planning, it still requires trained awareness and a degree of higher culture which Berman—although he is a bright and gifted writer—simply does not possess.

Neither, I fear, does Caro; and although he has taken pains to read back issues of *Architectural Forum,* not always a reliable guide, Caro's unfamiliarity with the history and aesthetics of the modern movement—of *all* archi-

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tecture, for that matter—has led to the single grave weakness in his otherwise admirable book. He repeatedly overpraises Moses and his planners and designers, who at times included gifted men, but who—with the exception of the great bridge engineer O. H. Ammann—could not possibly be ranked as "giants of their profession." Moses responded viscerally to actual giants such as Frank Lloyd Wright or Walter Gropius, as Caro shows, when he called them subversive or un-American.

Thus Moses' numerous, but largely undistinguished designers produced buildings that were usually mediocre, and often much worse. Apart from pure works of engineering (even though some of these, such as Triborough Bridge, were ungainly), and the exceptionally sensitive landscaping of his best parks and roads, most of his architecture was marred by heavy traditionalism, more Teutonic than Venetian. In contrast to his fastidious early work at Jones Beach, it was coarsely detailed from the 1930s onward. In the case of asphalted, inner-city playgrounds, it could be brutal. His colossal housing projects, as Caro realizes, are of course among the most stultifying ever erected in so-called "advanced" countries. Basically, they are all as bad as the recently dynamited Pruitt-Igoe complex in St. Louis.

It is true that Jones Beach stands as a *chef-d'oeuvre* of social architecture on the grand scale that overrides its eclectic associations (as do the suave Gothic parodies at Princeton and Yale); but Moses never again brought the same elegance, wit, and social conviction to architecture, even though his engineering remained, on the whole, at a high level. His taste was pitilessly revealed in the fiasco at Flushing Meadows, architecturally the most vulgar World's Fair on record.

Caro makes much of this clear, and he also modifies his praise of Moses' park designs by noting that they are cut by massive traffic facilities which, in Riverside Park and elsewhere, in turn cut off the public from access to the water.

Berman, on the other hand, does not trouble even to make these distinctions. The result is an absurd panegyric of Moses the Master Builder, larded with irrelevant literary allusions culled from *Heart of Darkness,* and *The Great Gatsby.* There is a garbled reference to *Gilgamesh,* and *Faust II* portentously dragged in. But Berman characteristically does not cite an episode such as the instant destruction of the cottage of aged couple Baucis and Philemon, which would have been directly applicable to Moses' wanton clearance program.

Nor does it serve much purpose to say that Moses drove "some of his best architects and engineers in the country . . . harder than anyone had ever driven them, to do work that would be bigger, faster, cheaper, and more beautiful than anything they (or anyone else) has ever done—and they loved him for it, and gave him their best." More than *anyone* else? This kind of hyperbole is simply embarassing to the informed reader, who might recall D. H. Burnham's transformation of Chicago lakefront from a swamp into the most magnificent series of waterside parks in any American city, far more extensive—as well as easily accessible to beaches—than Moses' Riverside Park.

Unfortunately, Berman is innocent of environmental awareness on this order. He does not see that to create "an elegant variation on the Venice Campanile" does not reveal a sure command of "cultural history" in Moses, but rather fear of the richest cultural possibilities of the present, not only in architecture but in modern art, which Moses loathes. Nor does Berman seem aware of any but the most obvious texts of Marxism, else he might have referred to Engels' powerful castigation of Manchester, where, a century before Moses' highways, he discerned the upper classes swiftly passing the half-hidden quarters of the poor as they traveled main thoroughfares from the suburbs to the core of the city.

None of this, I suppose, is surprising in Berman, who, instead of grappling with real problems of environmental criticism, is very free with words such as "beautiful" and "brilliant," forgetting that the great bridges spanning San Francisco Bay may be as beautiful as any of Moses' bridges in New York. Would New York have turned out much differently without Moses? Probably as much as Rome without Sixtus V, possibly more than Athens without Pericles, perhaps less than Paris without Haussmann and Napoleon III. Cities are shaped by tremendous impersonal forces which transcend personal design, but it is precisely these forces which Berman has yet to comprehend.

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Marshall Berman

"Moses poses problems that every industrial society, capitalist and socialist, must face. What kind of cities do we want to live in? What kinds of building really *can* make our lives better? In my work on Robert Moses, I have been trying to reach a point from which this kind of thinking can begin."

Rather than answer point for point, or return abuse for abuse, I want to explore again some of the larger cultural issues that underly this whole discussion. The respondents emphasize two central themes that are essential to Caro's account of Robert Moses' "bad character" (Goodman), his characteristic style of personal malice and meanness, the gratuitous spite and petty vindictiveness that poisoned so many of his works; second, his brilliantly corrupt methods of wheeling and dealing, "the intricate alliances between Moses and banks and other financial institutions, the construction industry and its contemptible unions, real estate sharks and insurance finaglers, with eventual connections to the underworld itself." (Temko)

I certainly didn't mean to deny these aspects of Moses, and I am glad to see them spelled out. But I did make a strategic decision to deemphasize them, in favor of other qualities, both good and evil, which I considered more essential to his overall achieve-

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ment. Had Moses possessed a "good" character, first of all, he would have refrained from a number of sordid and dispicable private and public acts; yet the basic contours of the New York metropolitan area, as Moses shaped that area, would have been pretty much the same. Second, I believe that Moses' genius for manipulation, as Caro and Temko describe it, could easily be transplanted to a socialist society – he would have made a great Soviet commissar! – without essentially changing either the ultimate vision or the material results. The potentialities and pitfalls of his works transcend the framework of capitalist democracy: they belong to *modernity*, modernity as a whole. Moses poses problems that every industrial society, capitalist and socialist, must sooner or later face.

Some of what I call problems of "modernity" can be seen in Moses' paradoxical relation to the great "modernist" movement in architecture and design. On one hand, as Temko points out, Moses reacted to modernist masters like Gropius, and Wright with a philistine fear and loathing. (Actually the archetype here might not be the *Daily News* but Bernard Berenson, another brilliant cultured and acculturated Jew who, like Moses, believed that culture more or less came to an end with Michaelangelo's *David.*) On the other hand, Moses may actually have done more than any of the great masters to transform the modernist ideal vision into concrete reality.

Moses occupies a place of honor in the book that is generally understood to be the bible of the modernist movement in design, Siegfried Giedeon's *Space, Time and Architecture.* Giedeon first presented this work in lecture form in 1939, when Moses' creativity was at its height. Giedeon speaks lyrically of Moses' New York parkways – his book reproduces large photos of the Randall's Island cloverleaf, the "pretzel" intersection of the Grand Central Parkway in Queens, and the Westside Highway – which, he said, "proved that possibilities of a great scale were inherent in our period." He elaborates: "As with many of the creations born out of the spirit of this age, the meaning and beauty of the parkway cannot be grasped from a single point of observation, as was possible from the windows of the chateau at Versailles. It can be revealed only by movement, by going along in a steady flow . . ." Giedeon compares these parkways to cubist paintings, to abstract sculpture, and to the movies, all archetypically modern products and experiences. "The space-time feeling of our period can seldom be felt so keenly as when driving."

Writing in 1939, Giedeon saw Moses' belt parkways on the peripheries of the city as precursors of the central city "urban highway" to come. This sort of highway, properly designed, could "weld the automobile and the lines of traffic into the actual organism of the city, so that they become a constituent element of the whole."

Moses' parkways of the 1930s were the "forerunner of a first necessity in the development of the future city: abolition of the *rue corridor.*" The parkway "is not an isolated traffic lane independent of the organism of the city. It simply has a different scale from the existing city within its *rues corridors* and its rigid division into small blocks." While some critics had felt that these roads were much too big for everything around them, Giedeon stood this observation on its head. It was the streets and buildings that were too small! It was "the actual structure of the city that must be changed." New York's street system was "completely inappropriate in scale"; it "cuts off the organic development of the city like iron rings around a tree. The tree grows larger and larger, but the ring remains rigid and inflexible." Organic harmony would be possible "only when the whole city has adopted the new scale of its bridges and parkways." This was the only scale that was compatible with the "space-time conception of our period", the only road to "the city of the future."

Giedeon went on to unfold the great modernist breakthroughs of the 1930s: "the high-rise apartment slab," arranged in "zig-zag blocks," with a "clear separation of traffic from pedestrians, and of residential areas from the center of the city, which was [to be] composed of business offices and . . . skyscrapers"; the ideals of the "vertical village" and of "the tower in the park." Le Corbusier's 1937 plan for Paris "eliminated . . . the old street system, replacing it with free-standing moving groups of skyscrapers." These buildings were to be "disposed freely in green spaces, their long wings turned at angles . . ."

The great slabs must "never grow along the borders of narrow city streets, but always stand as sculptural entities surrounded by free space." These first slabs and parkways look ahead, finally, to "a time when, after all the necessary surgery has been performed, the artificially swollen city will be reduced to its normal size."

After analyzing and synthesizing these ideas, Giedeon laments the fact that as of 1939 so few of them have been realized. He mourns the failure of "Le Corbusier's 1937 dream of an elevated express highway from east to west through Paris." The dream failed because, in spite of the abundance of modern architects of genius, Paris had "no directing officials equal, as Haussman [a century earlier] was equal to the opportunities and needs of the period." However what no one had been able to do in Paris, Robert Moses, "who has the energy and enthusiasm of a Haussman," has been able to bring to life in New York.

Why have I gone through all this? To show how many of the modernists' most extravagant ideas have been realized in the city that Robert Moses built, the city we are living in today. Now we are no longer talking about the seedy schemes of a bunch of hacks and crooks: we are talking about the profoundest esthetic and social visions of Corbusier, Gropius, Mies van der Rohe, Frank Lloyd Wright, some of the most creative spirits of modern times.

How are we to respond to these visions today? In some ways we have to recoil. In their dreams of high-rise slabs, elevated highways, the destruction of streets, we can recognize many of the realities that make our cities sterile today. (In this sense, New York is probably less sterile than most newer cities: the "rigidity" of its reactionary old grid system, which not even Moses could destroy, has helped keep its small-scale griddy street life alive.

And yet, there is an authentic in-

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tellectual and emotional power there as well. The modernists, and Moses with them, have made some disastrous mistakes, yet there was much that was heroic and creative in their responses to the technological and social responsibilities of modern life. Do we really want to throw out the modernists' vision entirely? If we do, what sort of vision are we going to put in its place? If we don't, how can we separate what is living from what is deadening in modernism? What kind of cities do we want to live in – or even to visit – anyway? What kinds of building really *can* make our lives better? And once we figure all that out, how can we bring it about? There is an urgent need for social and political thought here. In my work on Robert Moses, I have been trying to reach a point from which this kind of thinking can begin.

Marshall Berman, author of The Politics of Authenticity *(Atheneum), teaches political theory at City University of New York.*

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Hollywood . . .

Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore. Directed by Martin Scorsese. Written by Robert Getchell. With Ellen Burstyn, Alfred Lutter, Diane Ladd, Harvey Keitel and Kris Kristofferson.

A Woman Under the Influence. Written and directed by John Cassavetes. With Gena Rowlands and Peter Falk.

Perhaps in response to the criticisms and the demands of the women's movement, or perhaps out of boredom with basic macho fantasies, American moviemakers have at last turned to the New Woman for inspiration and subject matter. It is not, of course, yet time to celebrate the Year of the Heroic Film Woman. The female imagination is not liberated in the works of male directors any more than it is in the world behind the projector. But some of the old stereotypes—of bitches, vamps, ingenues and madonnas—are breaking in Hollywood, and if new ones are being formulated, they at least contain elements of contemporary consciousness.

The vanguard roles of pre-heroic women this year are those of Alice (Ellen Burstyn) in *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore,* and Mabel (Gena Rowlands) in *A Woman Under the Influence.* Apart from everything else, both are extraordinarily juicy parts and the actresses (who received all the best movieland nominations and awards) who play them turn in exceptionally fine performances. And although it would be a mistake to attribute revolutionary content to either film, both of them allow their leading ladies to convey a female presence that in its range and depth is traditionally denied to women in the cinema. Men are complex and contradictory on the screen; women are monochromatic and one-dimensional. The fact that Alice is more real, and Mabel is more interesting, than the men in their lives is an important advance in the process of destroying cultural cliches.

"Alice doesn't live *anywhere* anymore. —misfortune has cast her adrift. In her loaded station wagon and with her 12-year-old son in the jump seat, she is permanently on the road: optimistic, expectant, and desperate."

Martin Scorsese's title is not exactly accurate: Alice doesn't live *anywhere* anymore. Gratuitous misfortune and the vicissitudes of middle-American low-life have cast her adrift from all the old moorings in the world of her childhood. In her loaded station wagon and with her 12-year-old son in the jump seat, she is permanently on the road: optimistic, expectant, and desperate.

"Things always happened quickly to Alice," Robert Getchell explained in the "novel," which seems to have

by Andrew Kopkind

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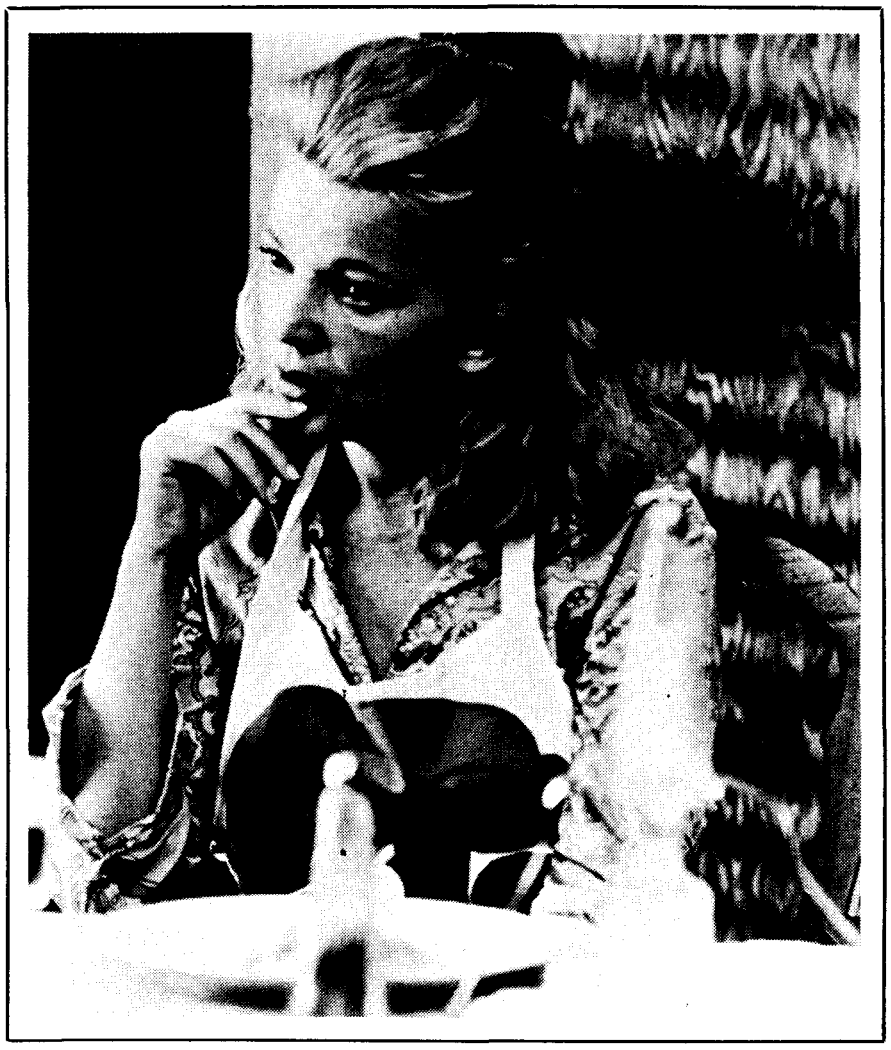
Under the Influence of Women?

"Mabel's problems of identity and self-respect are so ordinary you want to cry from the rush of helpless, hopeless recognition. 'Tell me what you want me to be, Nickie,' she pleads with her husband, 'I can be *anything*.'"



followed, rather than preceded, his screenplay for the movie. "As a child she had chosen her boy friends on sight, she had picked what teachers she would hate or love on the first day of class, she had known on starting tests in high school whether or not she would do well."

Like most people, Alice has a sense that her life is out of her control. But unlike many others—especially many other women—she attempts preemptive strikes against the outrageous attacks of fortune. When her nasty husband is killed in the crash of his Coca-Cola truck, she sets out to revive a pop singing career that was never promising in the first place. But setting out is what's important. She rolls into Phoenix, finds a job warbling in a sleazy bar, and starts an affair with a dude (Harvey Keitel) who seems decent enough at first but quickly tears up Alice's motel room, beats up his own cuckolded wife, and nearly totals Alice herself before she hightails out of town.

Things still happen quickly to Alice. She moves south to Tucson, parks the kid (Alfred Lutter) in another motel, and takes a job waitressing in a truck-stop diner. Right away she meets a beautiful-but-boring rancher and jumps into a serious relationship. At the end she is forced to determine whether life without a man is tolerable, or even possible. "I could live out my life on a picture of Warren Beatty and a hand vibrator," she tells a friend, in the book version (it's slightly bowdlerized for the PG film). But the world being the way it is, and things happening as quickly as they do, she hooks up with the rancher (Kris Kristofferson) who is slightly more sensitive than the men in her past, and he agrees to follow her back home to California where the singing all began.

As in most on-the-road pictures, not a great deal of significance happens while "Alice" is running: a few slices and a whole lot of crumbs of life fall from the larger loaf. But within the modest limits Scorsese has set, he has fashioned one of the most moving and intelligent films about American life seen in many years, and an honest documentary about a woman, as well. He has begun to master and refine the cinematic techniques he's been collecting and organizing in *Who's That Knocking at My Door, Boxcar Bertha,* and—most recently—in *Mean Streets.* Scorsese's touch has not been light; he indulges in tasteless excesses that often get in the way of easy access to his

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screen. *Mean Streets,* for all its energy, vibrancy and innovation, suffered from a surfeit of violence; and for all of its presumed *verité,* there was as much gimmickry as integrity to the shooting.

Scorsese seems more confident now, less pretentious about his directorial trips and more sure of his strengths. He knows what he does well: little things like creating a realistic automobile ride (a standard movie scene that almost no one can successfully stage), and big things like the use of pop music as a soundtrack staple. He also gives Ellen Burstyn a chance to show that she is one of the most exciting American women now acting in the movies. Several of the other women in "Alice"—notably, Diane Ladd and Valerie Curtin—simply shine under Scorsese's direction. And Alfred Lutter is breathtakingly authentic as Alice's beloved brat.

[CONFRONTING LIFE]

What is most striking about Alice is the way she is buffeted by life and confronts it. I don't mean Life with a capital L, but very specifically the tasteless life and turgid times of tract-house America. Alice is no Upper East Side neurotic, no gothic harpie, no sex-starved California lanai lizard. She is an average woman on the loose in a world with no fixed foundations. The traditional family structures of her girlhood in Monterey appear in her fantasy memories (through Scorsese's effective red filters) but have no bearing on the anomie of her own life in Socorro, New Mexico. She desperately tries to please her sullen husband and headstrong son with love and lambchops, but both offerings are scorned. Things are completely outside her control; there is no plan or purpose to her life, nor to the society in which she arbitrarily and erratically exists.

Alice relies entirely on the few personal friendships she can maintain: the woman next door, her son, the waitresses in the truck stop cafe. None of them are easy. The neighbor has her "own life to lead," tied to her own boring husband and boorish son. When Alice's husband dies and she decides to head back to Monterey and all that red-filtered nostalgia (Alice Faye's voice-over: "You'll Never Know Just How Much I Love You"), the neighbor-woman must stay in Socorro. Alice tries to elevate the mother-son relationship with Tommy to palsy equality, but in fact she feels too heavily the pressures of maternal responsibility, the burden of guilt. She goes to pieces when he disappears for a night after a disciplinary bout. The waitresses offend and bewilder Alice at first, but at least they are more comforting and more direct than the men she meets, and in the end it is these non-sexual relationships that have the most impact on her life. Men are somehow necessary because of the way Alice wants to live. "I don't know how to live without a man," she tells her friend Flo, the waitress. But she doesn't know how to live with a man, either.

Alice is a victim of the random decay of social organization, the emptiness of sexual freedom, the incoherence of family life. The Southwestern landscapes she traverses—the stupendous natural scenery and the ghastly urban strips of motel culture that thread through them—perfectly annotate her own dilemmas. In these new frontiers, rugged individualism is the one rule of survival. Alice is up for it: at least as much as a woman can be, a woman alone with a child.

Of course, the energy Alice must expend on all her confrontations—with employers, boy friends, customers, public officials—destroys her life in bits and pieces. People like her get old very quickly. The distant reveries of bygone times are seen more simply through darker filters. But Burstyn, Scorsese and Getchell (there is no one, clear *auteur* of this film) get beyond the depressing alienation that the "New Hollywood" has been marketing since *Easy Rider.* Alice is not only a victim. She does fight back, not because of an ideological commitment, but simply because of her own life-forces. She doesn't win: she can't, because the struggle is not hers alone. But even fighting is a kind of winning.

Feminist critics have charged that Alice's final decision to couple with her rancher is a typical cop-out of male moviemakers, and in that way it is less than the liberation ethic might demand. But it is truer than those demands, too. The way Alice goes about

her liaison is astoundingly different than in run-of-the-studio situation melodramas. First of all, she gives in to rancher David only after he agrees to give up his acreage and take her back to red filterland, as absurd as that may sound to him—and as crazy as it is in any reading of career reality. But more than that, Alice knows how much of a compromise the whole affair is, how limited are its chances for permanence—perhaps even how unimportant permanence is. In fact, Alice is in the role traditionally (*always*) given to male movie leads: she is the "heavy," she has the emotional upper hand, she is making the decisions. Kristofferson, as David, is just another pretty face, a sex symbol with little character delineation, limited range and depth, and star billing in the credits for reasons extraneous to his part in the picture. It's a small stroke of Scorsese's genius to put a cute, mediocre actor like Kristofferson in that role, playing off the age-old Hollywood custom of throwing in a good-looking actress to perk up an essentially heavy male movie (*Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid,* starring Robert Redford, Paul Newman, and, uh, Katherine Ross).

It's rare—perhaps even unknown—to see women on the screen relating to each other as naturally, warmly, and feelingly as they do in *Alice.* A tearful talk between Burstyn and Diane Ladd in the ladies' room of the diner should be excerpted and shown as a model of what women can do in films if given

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"Although it would be a mistake to attribute revolutionary content to either film, both allow their leading ladies to convey a female presence traditionally denied to women in the cinema. The fact that Alice is more real, and Mabel is more interesting than the men in their lives is an important advance in destroying cultural cliches."

the chance. Burstyn's life with Tommy, too, is unique in American movies. Not only is Alfred Lutter the best "juvenile" since Jean-Pierre Leaud in *The 400 Blows;* but he and Burstyn interact with a kind of human-scale sensitivity—angry, playful, loving, resentful—that just is not exposed on film in most movie theaters these days.

I was sorry to see Alice go off with David, even though it was obvious from the start that the picture had to end that way (Burstyn said in a recent interview that the ending was Kristofferson's idea, and that much of the action and dialogue were generated through improvisation—which is not to say actually improvised on camera). It would have been marvelous to see Alice, Tommy, and the two waitresses move in together, say, and find some new way to stabilize their lives and give it meaning. Fat chance. There was no way for Alice to do it that way out on Tucson's motel strip, no opportunity for her, yet, to do more than fight on the level available in truck-stop America. She's still on the road, with or without a man. She doesn't live here—or there.

[OVER THE BRINK]

Mabel Longhetti, in *A Woman Under the Influence,* shares certain crucial aspects of Alice's life: the two women seem to come from the same social class, and are stuck in it. At the beginning of their stories they are living with men who will not let them out of their housewifely and motherly roles. Both have young children who are burdensome—and yet define their existences (as mothers) in important ways. But Mabel is much farther gone.

"Mabel's *unusual,* she's not crazy," Nick Longhetti (Peter Falk) says defensively of his wife. The degrees of difference between those two judgments describe the ambit of John Cassavetes' film, as difficult and demanding an experience as one is likely to find in a movie theater this year. Mabel's distress is neither unique nor typical; she is neither a classic case for the annals of psychopathology nor a generalized symbol of the condition of women. The scenes from her marriage and the display of her madness are excruciatingly, embarrassingly ordinary. No methods or messages lie beneath her lunacy.

Cassavetes shoots his subjects the way Walker Evans caught his sharecroppers. He deliberately drains insanity of its romance, as Evans took pity from poverty. We can make of these people what we will. For Cassavetes, drama is not a characteristic of life but an affectation of artists. What goes on with Mabel and Nick does not fit into neat Aristotelian categories of plot development; whatever meaning there is to their lives must come from the heads of the beholders. The people on the screen will not explain themselves.

In that way, *A Woman Under the Influence* is 180 degrees from Ingmar Bergman's *Scenes from a Marriage.* Bergman's couple do nothing but intellectualize their relationship, discuss its every nuance, explore every metaphor they've invented to avoid real life. Mabel (Gena Rowlands) and Nick act out everything the Scandinavians discuss. But hardly a moment of intellectualization creeps into these American scenes.

Unlike Bergman's middle-class professionals, Cassavetes' working-class characters have no illusions that they can talk their way out of the traps they're in. Mabel is basically a bored housewife and mother of three normally uninteresting kids. She is stifled by her domestic condition and her class position, but no more than anyone else similarly situated. Nick works as a foreman on a construction crew for what appears to be the sanitation department of Los Angeles. He is capable of showing no more sensitivity to Mabel than most men like himself—though no less, either.

The map of their marriage is a brochure of guilt trips to unromantic places. Mabel thinks she's a mean mother, an unfaithful wife, an inattentive daughter-in-law, a graceless hostess. Nick harbors all the husbandly analogues of those guilty feelings. He neglects his kids, postpones special "dates" with his wife, inflicts his own friends on his home, loses his temper, can't express his love. Both he and Mabel have that same sense that things

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are out of control, that their lives are somehow not their own.

What occurs in the (long) time frame of the movie is not meant to be a single dramatic episode, but one more or less arbitrary set of sequences from a life together that will see many such scenes. A stormy night on the sewer repair shift keeps Nick from spending the night alone with Mabel that both have been planning. Depressed and more than a little drunk, Mabel sloshes into a bar and picks up the first available man she sees. Nick is out all night; the kids are with Grandma. Mabel and her trick spend the night in her bed, but by dawn's hungover light she is overcome with remorse and experiences a moment of unreal perception: she sees her pickup as her husband, then cries for forgiveness from her mother. What's odd is that neither of those relatives are in sight.

Nick brings the construction crew home for a spaghetti breakfast later that morning. Mabel is dazed, frightened, and eager to please. Too eager, in fact: she starts coming on to a black member of Nick's work gang. "Mabel, you've had your fun, that's enough," Nick says firmly but calmly. Mabel won't let the guest alone; Nick screams at her: "Get your ass down!" Everyone finishes the spaghetti in embarrassed silence and leaves the Longhettis alone.

After that, it's a quick slide down the slippery slope for Mabel. Soon she's out on the streets in crazy-lady clothes (mini-skirt and pink socks) asking strangers for the time of day and manically hailing down her children's school bus. Nothing terribly crackers about any of that: but Mabel's manners and mannerisms become increasingly bizarre. When friends and relations freeze or recoil, her anxiety intensifies and the funny noises and inappropriate gestures multiply. Finally, laden with guilt for sins she did not, or did not mean to, commit, she breaks. The family doctor arrives and Nick packs Mabel off to what they delicately call the "loony bin."

This is not the picture that answers America's favorite melodramatic questions—"who is crazy?", "what is craziness?" Reports that there is some Laingian key that unlocks Mabel's mysterious madness cannot be true. There is no evidence that Mabel's condition is induced by class or gender oppression, whether it is genetic or accidental. Cassavetes avoids psychoanalyzing his characters as they avoid intellectualizing themselves. They are what they are. Mabel's problems of identity and self-respect are, again, so ordinary you want to cry from the rush of helpless, hopeless recognition. "Tell me what you want me to be, Nickie; I can be anything," Mabel pleads. But some mixture of pathology and pressure produces the crack-up of a fragile woman, and it is a measure of Cassavetes' determination to avoid rhetorical blame-fixing that we will never know the exact weight of the ingredients.

After six months in the hospital, Mabel comes home to the tail-end of an ill-conceived gathering of several dozen friends and relatives Nick has assembled to welcome the wife he had sent away. The friends leave, but the relatives stay for dinner. Mabel is still in bad shape. Initial glassy withdrawal is followed by her usual inappropriate remarks, the nasal voices and weird gestures. Again, the interpersonal synapses close shut, and the frustration of isolation seizes the household. Mabel escapes into her own familiar never-never land, the world apart within her mind that can't be touched by other people. And when Nick chases her there, she tries to take the ultimate trip—a feeble, frantic attempt at wrist-slashing. Then, as quickly as the scene erupted, it is becalmed. Parents and children reassure one another of their mutual love, as best they can. Mabel and Nick go off to bed—very much as Bergman's couple end their long talkathon in *Scenes.* No final solutions to either relationship: just an episode of tranquillity in a rough crossing.

[THE CASSAVETES EYE]

The power of *A Woman Under the Influence* is a function of Cassavetes' creative genius as well as the leading actors' devastating performances. Cassavetes is now firmly seated far out on the limb he dared to explore in *Shadows* in 1959. His style is uniquely his own (with only a few successful derivations—notably Frank Vitale's *Montreal Main*). It has the rough, raw, ragged home-movie quality that used to be dignified as *cinema-verité,* but does not fit well into that specific documentary category. It is relentlessly anti-art, anti-intellectual, anti-drama. That is, Cassavetes almost always avoids the "beautiful" shot, the composed scene, the exquisite cut that puts a film's director between the screen and the audience, and is ennobled in mid-cult criticism as "style." He refuses to comment on the action he shoots—whether by dialogue or montage. He doggedly breaks dramatic conventions as if they were not worth the paperbacks they're published in; whole passages of his films concern people standing around or sitting in a kind of dramatic limbo, as naturally and as boringly as they do at your aunt's house on Thanksgiving. No wonder that his movies are so embarrassing.

It's not an easy way to make a movie, and there are times when Cassavetes himself seems out of control of his own spontaneity. Personally, I don't mind being bored in a movie for valid reasons, but occasionally Cassavetes seems to overstate the case for naturalism. He is at his best when he artfully contrives to be realistic, rather than when the actors and the camera swing free of a controlling intelligence.

Cassavetes' customary cast is a collection of cronies. Gena Rowlands is his wife; her mother in the film is her mother off-screen. Nick's parents are Cassavetes' parents. Other relatives and friends, children and adults appear as in a home movie. But all the nepotism works. Rowlands never misses a beat, dances over all the pitfalls in a perilous role. Insanity is a trap on the screen or stage; anyone can rant and rave or make funny noises, but to discern the subtle rules of madness beneath the gross patterns of excessive behavior takes the most skill of all.

The crew has made a profoundly original movie, quite unlike anything else commercially available. The fact that it is already something of a "success" in Hollywood and in public showings indicates that it's now possible for originality in technique and themes to find a sizeable audience at the movies. I'm not sure I could take many movies as distressing as *A Woman Under the Influence,* but it is a small miracle that brings it to us at all.

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PORTUGAL

(From page 40)

purpose is mutual military defense to prevent a Soviet thrust west of Bohemia into Northern Europe. Portuguese and Greek troops have never been counted a part of the defense of Germany; they have been expected only to defend their own countries in the unlikely event of Soviet attack. That, presumably, they still would do.

Similarly, Portuguese, Greek, and Italian ports have been useful to the 6th Fleet but not absolutely essential to its continued operations in the Mediterranean. Likewise, Soviet naval facilities in Portugal would be attractive to Moscow and would – if only for the bordellos – ease the logistical problems of its North Atlantic and Mediterranean maneuvers, but they would not substantially alter the balance of military forces in the area. There is talk in London of the United States annexing the Azores, should a Communist government take control in Portugal, but again the Azores are, if anything, only a convenience not a necessity – even in the event of another Mideast war in which Washington wished to resupply Israel fast.

Last October 2, Defense Secretary James Schlesinger said, "We are in a position, as we were last Fall, to fly C-5As all the way to Israel without stop. Last Fall the effect of such a flight would have been to dramatically reduce the load of a C-5A. In the last few months, however, we have been conducting tests of (mid-air) refueling operations . . . so that there would no longer be such a penalty attached." At the time of this assertion, not all the crews of the 78 C-5As had in fact been trained for mid-air refueling; by now probably all have been, and the substance of the claim may be correct.

The "threat" that is perceived, then, is not military defection, but political and economic apostasy. And the character of U.S. interference is likely to be political and economic too: "destabilization," in short.

[WATCHING OUT]

In the Chilean "prototype," the $8 million which Kissinger authorized the CIA to spend on "destabilization" was relatively minor – even though it was exchanged on the Santiago black market and probably converted into about $35 million worth of *escudos*. "From the very day of our electoral triumph on September 4, 1970," said Allende, to the United Nations in 1972, "we have felt the effect of a large-scale, external pressure against us which tried to prevent the inauguration of a government freely elected by the people . . . to cut us off from the world, to strangle our economy, and paralyze trade in our principal export, copper, and to deprive us of access to sources of international funding."

And of course he was right. Kissinger's aide Arnold Machmanoff wrote, "the best way to get at Chile is through her economy". Chile was unusually dependent on U.S. capital and had a higher foreign debt burden than any other country in the world excepting Israel. The first squeak of the pips came when the U.S. Export-Import Bank refused a $21 million loan to LAM, the Chilean airline, to buy three Boeings, even though LAM's payment record was flawless. (Centrist Portuguese officials have been complaining for some months that just the coolness, if not the hostility, with which Dr. Kissinger clearly regards them is economically injurious. Now that a socialized economy has been proclaimed, worse may be expected.)

The financial and economic squeeze, which was applied through U.S. pressure on multi-lateral as well as bi-national institutions is of more than historic interest, precisely because it succeeded so well in disrupting the Chilean economy and precisely because it was indeed a trial run for Europe. The processing of loans and servicing of debts to Portugal, Italy and Spain will now bear close watching.

Financial sabotage and quiet subversion may seem like gentle weapons. But Chile is a reminder of what their use against a broadly based regime entails. For they also underwrite the new regime's repression that inevitably follows, just as the "destabilization" of Chile was only consummated in the bloody aftermath of the right-wing Junta's coup.

William Shawcross is a correspondent for the London Sunday Times. *His book on Hungary,* Crime and Compromise, *was published by Dutton.*

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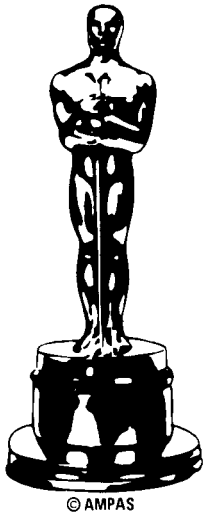

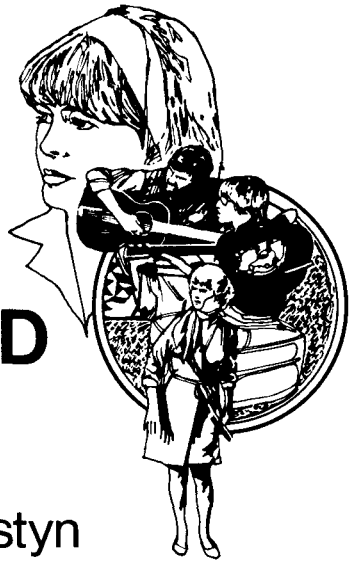

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